LADIES' JOURNAL

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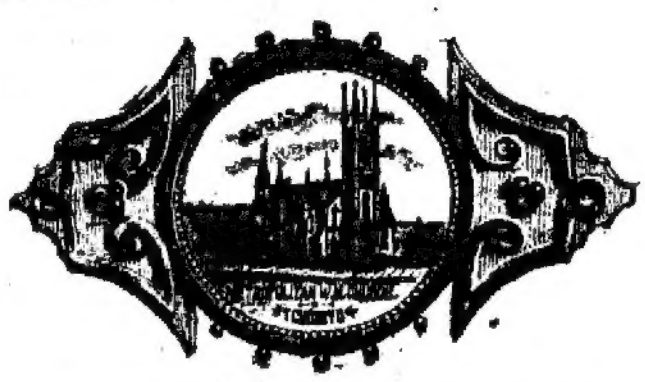

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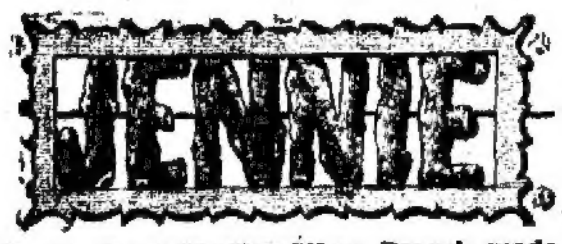

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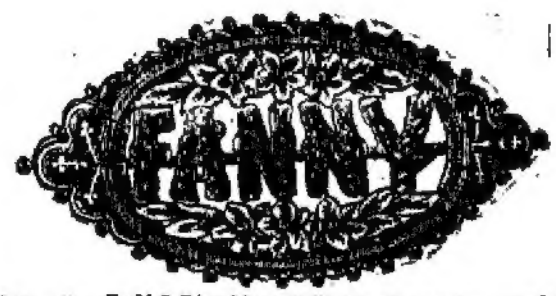

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THE LADIES' JOURNAL.

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LACE DRESSES.

The lace costumes which have been in vogue for several years past have lost none of their popularity. Thin black dresses are made of black imitation Chantilly lace over surah much more than of grenadine over foulard, as formerly. The lace is not any more expensive than handsome grenadine, and can be utilized for other purposes when no longer used as a dress, while all the trimmings required are clustering loops of satin ribbon or ribbon velvet. The bonnets worn with these dresses are of black tulle and lace,—the crowns figure-lace, the fronts puffed tulle edged with jet or small pendants, and the trimming ribbon velvet and iridescent buttterflies. Spanish lace in the fine hand-run styles, is used, either in white or black, for really elegant dresses excepting, still the machine-made qualities would seem to be more suitable for short day costumes than the finer kind.

The white laces used are Oriental and imitation Mechlin, in Edelweiss and maiden-hair fern patterns, the latter being the newest. Oriental laces are not restricted, and are used in patterns of all grades. With white lace dresses white lace bonnets look well, and are often trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon, pale-blue, corn-flower blue, yellow, and poppy-red, with a group of the lovely iris, columbine, or flowers matching in tint. Dresses of *ecru* batiste are fashionable again, and look exceedingly well trimmed with an embroidery which looks like embroidered *ecru* lace, in which there is a little of some dark or vivid color,—dark red, peacock-blue, or brown. The embroidery is turned flat against the throat, and a bow of velvet matching the color is placed at the left side. The bonnet may be *ecru* satin, straw-faced and trimmed with velvet of the same shade and a group of ostrich feathers.

The very newest fashion in dressy toilets consists of lace over flowered instead of plain silk ; the lace is black or white, according to color and taste. Black lace is seen over cream, and white over lavender both having lovely flower effects in brocatelle. Black over gold is always admired but perhaps black over black is, after all, the most distinguished looking. The lace is not always draped; it is often gathered into the bodice and allowed to flow over the skirt, one side gathered up under flowing ends and loops of ribbons.

Cream and *ecru* lace are used over shot-silks most effectively, the delicate shading and combination of color shimmering under lace like the reflections of sunlight under water. Black lace over cream, or light-tinted silk, or satin, is revived after many years ; of late it has been tone upon tone, color upon color. This season we find many old ideas revived in the new contrasting effects

HOUSE AND STREET COSTUMES.

Fig. 1.—House costume of plain dark blue surah, combined with printed surah having a blue ground matching the plain goods and the pattern of dark red carnations. The "Fillide" basque and "Aurelia" skirt are combined to form the costume, the figured fabric forming the basque and panels on the skirt, and the plain the front of the skirt and the back drapery. The panels and bottom of the draped apron are trimmed with "Kursheedt's Standard" Oriental lace, beige color, and net to match forms the plastron on the basque. The revers, collar and cuffs are of carnation red velvet secured with faceted steel buttons. The neck and sleeves are finished with frills of biege Oriental lace. The arrangement of the back of the costume can be seen on Fig. 2. Price of skirt pattern, thirty cents ; basque patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

Fig. 2. The same patterns are used for this costume as for the one shown on Fig. 1 ; but the materials are gray velvet and gray and blue changeable silk, the velvet forming the basque and panels, and the silk the remainder. The panels are bordered with steel passementerie, and the apron is trimmed with a blue silk fringy with netted heading and having steel brands intermixed. The plastron is made of the silk, and steel ornaments secure the revers, collar and cuffs. Hat of grae straw, trimmed with blue velvet, blue tips and a bunch of ragged sailors. For prices of patterns, see previous description.

Fig. 3.—The "Luisella" polonaise is employed for this toilet, made in black embossed grenadine, the geometrical pattern in cut and uncut velvet. This is worn over a skirt all the visible portions of which are covered with flounces of "Kursheedt's Standard" black Spanish guipure lace over pinked flounces of white surah. The polonaise is lined with white surah and has a black velvet vest and cuffs. The fronts are laid in plaits at the neck and fall away in deep points at the sides, and the back is looped in an especially graceful manner. Bonnets of black Spanish lace made over white surah and trimmed with fine white flowers. Black velvet strings ; tan-colored Suede gloves. Polonaise patterns, thirty cents each size.

THE BEAUTIFUL LADY GLADYS.

CHAPTER VII.

Dollie awoke the next morning after a restless night of feverish, troubled dreams. She had not dared to indulge in the luxury of tears, for fear that her eyes would be swollen, and so betray her sorrow to Sir Vivian; but though they were not swollen, there were dark circles round the sad violet eyes, and she was paler than ever. The sorrow which she had so bravely suppressed had left its mark on her childish face.

She went down to breakfast at last, rather late. She hesitated at the door, not daring to go in, until at length she was startled by a slight "Ahem!" and, turning round, met the astonished eyes of the butler, who had been standing behind her for a long time, waiting with two hot dishes in his hand. Dollie entered the room hurriedly and found the other guests talking together in a state of great excitement.

"Come here, Dollie," said her mother, as she saw her surprised look. "We have had such a pleasant surprise this morning. Can you guess what it is?"

Dollie had time during this speech to see that Sir Vivian was leaning against the mantelpiece in silence, and that he was looking keenly at her. Dollie was thoroughbred to the core, and without a moment's hesitation, went up to Lady Gladys, looked straight into her triumphant eyes, and forcing a poor little smile to her pallid lips, said steadily—

"I congratulate you, Lady Gladys, on your engagement with Sir Vivian. I wish you all the happiness you deserve."

Lady Gladys winced—yes, winced in the hour of triumph, in the flush of victory, before a pale slight girl with dim blue eyes. Dollie could not tell exactly how Lady Gladys had come between her and Sir Vivian, but she felt sure that she had in some way or other. There was a pause.

"Thank you," murmured Lady Gladys sweetly. "We shall indeed be happy!"—turning with a bright smile to Sir Vivian, as if asking him to join her in a public avowal of joy.

The moment was unfortunate, for he had gone to the breakfast-table. Lady Gladys moved away, catching sight of Bell's face, which wore such a smile of delight at her discomfiture that it called forth a sympathising one from Charlie and Captain North, who was standing by. Bell had seen something of what had been going on, but she had thought that it was only a lover's quarrel, that sooner or later Sir Vivian would ask Dollie to be his wife and she would accept him. Passing Dollie as she went to her seat, she gave her hand a loving squeeze.

"You are a brick, Dollie!" she whispered enthusiastically.

Dollie smiled at her faintly, and sat down by Charlie's side, feeling more miserable than she had ever been in her life before.

Sir Vivian, glanced furtively at her white face and tired eyes, which looked everywhere but at him, and wished with all his heart that he had not been in such a hurry.

"There must be some mistake," he thought, "surely! But then would she have taken a present from North if she had not been engaged to him?"

About a quarter of an hour before the time they were to start for their drive to Rainsforth, Dollie slowly descended the broad staircase dressed in her out-door attire. There was no one in the hall, so she sat down on the great lion's skin before the fire and stared at the marble nymph, over which the painted window was throwing "gules of argent, purple, and gold." She was just the same, still poised on one delicate foot in exquisite grace, careless of the little tragedy which had been played out beneath her, heedless of everything but the lamp in her cold hand.

"Does nobody care that such sorrow has come to me?" thought Dollie mournfully. "Ah, here is Roger!"—as the gold-brown collie came up to her and laid his beautiful head on her lap. Dollie pulled him down beside her and hid her face in his brown coat. "Oh, doggie, doggie, what have I done that he should be so angry with me?" she said brokenly, feeling that, if tears did not come soon to her relief, her heart would break. But her hot eyes were dry; hers was a grief "too deep for tears."

Presently she heard a man's steps approaching her slowly. She looked up, and met Charlie Murdoch's brown eyes full of pitying love. He had guessed Dollie's secret at last, the secret which she had so strenously tried to keep to herself.

"Are you all alone here, Miss Dollie?" he inquired, after seeking vainly for a more brilliant opening to the conversation.

"Yes, except for Roger"—raising the dog's brown head in her small white hands.

"May I sit down?"

"Yes, do!"—making room for him beside her. "Who is going to drive us?"

"Oh, Bramhall, I suppose; he is a very good whip!"

"And Lady Gladys will sit beside him," she supplemented to herself.

There was a pause.

"I wonder how it feels to be like a dog"—dreamily gazing into the fire—"never to know what sorrow or joy is."

"I do not think you would care to change," said Charlie softly. "After all, sorrow is followed by joy generally."

"Is it?" said Dollie opening her eyes in surprise. "How do you know?"

He laughed rather sorrowfully.

"Do you not think that I have troubles as well as other people?"

Dollie looked at him curiously. He was always the gayest of the gay, laughing and jesting with everybody; she certainly had not connected the idea of sorrow with him before; but when she turned away her eyes from his bonny brown face, she knew there were other sore hearts in the world besides her own.

"I am sorry," she said hesitatingly. "I wish I could show you how sorry I am for you—Charlie!"

The last word came out rather suddenly, as if it had been an afterthought; but it had the desired effect. His face brightened at once, and he said eagerly—

"May I tell you?"

"If you wish"—gently.

And Charlie told his story in few words—how he cared for a girl with all his heart, and she did not return his love.

"Poor boy!" commented Dollie pityingly. "Perhaps she may reciprocate your affection one day still. What is she like? Is she pretty?"

"Yes, she has a clear pink-and-white complexion, dark violet eyes, a dear little red mouth, soft brown hair, golden-tinged, and little white hands."

"She must be nice. Poor Charlie!"—and Dollie stroked soothingly the brown hand which lay near her. "Do I know her? Do you mind telling me her name?"

Charlie looked at her sorrowfully.

fluencing him in all his joys and pleasures.

"Dear, is it possible that you do not know that I love you?" he said gently.

"Me!" repeated Dollie, so astonished that she hardly knew what she was saying. "Me! Why me?"

"Why you?" he echoed, half amused, half pained by her utter surprise, which crushed completely the faint spark of hope which almost unconsciously he had cherished. "Why you? Because I could not help it, I suppose."

"Oh, Charlie, I am sorry!"—gazing ruefully up at him.

"It is not you fault, dear," he said, trying to speak steadily. Never before had she seemed so sweet and lovable as now, with the great tears swimming in her eyes for his sake. "I knew, before I told you, that I had not a chance. It is all right. Don't cry, Dollie!"

She resumed her old position by the dog, and clasped her hands round his brown neck. Did nothing ever go right in this world? she wondered.

The clock struck twelve. The guests streamed out of their rooms. The drag dashed up. Dollie and Charlie rose from their lowly position on the lion's skin, and, with every trace of sorrow carefully hidden away, joined the party. They were all soon settled on the drag and driving off merrily to Rainsforth.

It was evening before the four bay horses trotted through the quiet little sea-port, which lay at the foot of a high cliff, the top of which was crowned with the village church. They passed through the stony straggling street, up the steep hill, down the other side, and then pulled up before a low, long cottage, half covered with ivy.

* * * *

Sir Vivian's yacht had been brought to Rainsforth during the night; so the next day they all walked down in a body to see her.

"That is the *Seabird*—the larger of the two," said Sir Vivian to Lady Gladys, who was standing by his side on the beech, her beautiful face softly radiant with love and happiness.

"Whose is the other?" she asked, after duly admiring the trim and graceful vessel.

"I do not know—some wanderer put in for the night, I suppose."

It was too cold to go on board, they determined; so they sauntered up the village. By-and-bye, they came across a small crowd, which had gathered round a short red-haired man in blue serge, who was so absorbed in admiration of the one shop-window which the place boasted that he did not even turn round as they passed, with little boys shouting and hurrahing in their train.

Lady Gladys was strangely silent all the way home; and her face had a curious strained look upon it which made Sir Vivian seriously uneasy, though to all his questions she replied that she was quite well. When they reached the cottage, he took her into the library and made her sit down on the sofa.

"What is the matter, Gladys? Will you not tell me, dear?" he said tenderly, kneeling down beside her and taking her cold hands in his.

To his surprise, she drew them away with a low moan of pain which pierced his heart with its anguished tone. Sir Vivian had a tender heart for all suffering helpless things, and could not endure the sight of a woman in sorrow.

"I have a headache," she said, at last, in a low voice.

"Poor child!" he returned gently, relieved to find that it was nothing worse. "Let me make you comfortable on this sofa."

He placed some soft cushions at the head, removed her furs and hat with womanly gentleness, made her lie back in the corner he had prepared for her, and moistened her brows and temples with eau de Cologne.

"Try and sleep now, dear," he said tenderly, covering her with a soft shawl.

Lady Gladys raised her heavy purple eyelids and looked at him for a moment—a look which haunted him for years after—such a one as a condemned criminal might give his fellow men crowding in thousands to see him die, ere the drop falls and his life is cut off—so deep was the despair and sorrow in the dark blue eyes before him.

"My darling, what can I do for you?" he cried, passionately kissing her white lips. "Will you not tell me? Let me stay with you at least."

"No; leave me!" and Sir Vivian obeyed.

That very evening Captain North proposed to Dollie, and was gently but firmly refused. They were standing together in the window, looking over the quiet sea.

"I love you so, Dollie," he pleaded. "Do not decide too quickly!"

But Dollie shook her head. His handsome face darkened, and he left her without another word. Dollie was sorry, but not so grieved as she had been about Charlie; and she was right. Captain North would get over his rejection quickly, and find another woman who would make him a more suitable wife than Dollie could have done; but, all the same, he felt it very much as he leaned against the mantelpiece—an incarnation of sulky, handsome manhood, and thought of the little girl who had so unaccountably stolen into his heart. After a little while, he went back to Dollie, who still gazing miserably over the waters.

"Miss Dollie!"

She turned round quickly.

"Do be friends with me!" she pleaded, glancing wistfully up at him.

"That is what I came to ask you," he replied softly; "and also that you will keep the bracelet as a token of our friendship."

"Yes, I will."

Captain North stooped and kissed her hand.

"I am glad I have know you, dear; it will make me a better man in future."

Before he went to bed that night, he confided the news of his refusal to Sir Vivian, and announced his intention of leaving the following day; and, for the first time, Sir Vivian heard the story of Dollie's brave action in saving Captain North's life.

Late that night, Sir Vivian lay awake in his bed, thinking over the mistake into which his jealousy and impulsiveness had led him. One thing he was determined upon, that, come what might, he would break off his engagement with Lady Gladys. Twice she had betrayed him; once through covetousness, and now through vanity; but in this he had judged her hardly, for in his inmost heart he knew that she had sinned because she loved him.

"I could not trust my honor in her keeping; she shall not have the chance of deceiving me again," he thought bitterly." I do not suppose Dollie will speak to me again after my brutal conduct to her about North. My little sweetheart! What shall I say to Lady Gladys to-morrow? What will she do?"

A vision of her face, as he had seen it on that moonlight night on the terrace, rose up before him; again he saw the dark eyes soft with love, the happy quivering mouth, and the bronzed wavy hair which had lain so trustingly on his breast. And now he was going to shatter all her happiness, shame her with the accusation of lying, and tell her in cold blood that he would never have her as his wife.

With this last weary thought, he fell asleep and dreamed that Lady Gladys was kneeling for pardon at his feet, with streaming eyes and clinging hands; that he refused it, and she had plunged a dagger into her heart and fallen dead on the ground.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE END.

After luncheon the next day, Sir Vivian and Lady Gladys were left alone in the drawing-room; the others were play-

ing tennis in the garden behind the cottage. The coast was clear, and Sir Vivian nerved himself for his task, which seemed more than ever odious as he glanced at his *fiancee's* pallid face and heavy eyes.

"I am afraid you have not recovered yet from your headache of yesterday, Lady Gladys?"

She raised her head quickly. "Lady Gladys" he had not called her since the accident.

"No, I am not much better, thank you," she answered wearisomely.

In spite of his just anger, and much against his will, Sir Vivian found himself beginning to pity her, she looked so ill and sorrowful; but still her beauty rose triumphantly above the marks of care and anxiety. They could not take away her queenly dower. Sir Vivian stood before her, leaning against the mantelpiece, trying to harden his heart against her.

"North went off this morning," he observed abruptly.

Lady Gladys knew what was coming then, and her breath came short and fast; she had not been down to breakfast, so did not hear of his departure.

"I am sorry I was not up to say good-bye to him"—calmly.

"I suppose you know that he was not engaged to Miss Vane?"

"Indeed!" she replied, closing her eyes, as if the subject had no interest for her.

"You gave me to understand that you knew she would accept him."

"Did I? I must have made a mistake"—carelessly. "I do not remember saying so."

"You told me that she love him"—sternly.

"By the way she encouraged his attentions, I presumed that she meant to accept him."

This was an injudicious speech, and she knew it as soon as she had uttered it. His eyes flashed dangerously as he heard her sneer at the pure, innocent girl he loved.

"You knew I loved her," he said sternly, "and I should have asked her to be my wife, if you had not made me believe that she cared for North!"

Lady Gladys felt the bitterness of death pass over her as she heard those words. All along she had deceived herself with the idea that he did not really care for Dollie, that it was only a passing fancy for a pretty new face, which would vanish as quickly as it had begun. She was silent; the dull moments passed on slowly. She felt that the man whom she so madly worshipped despised her, and what was worse, she believed that he had never really loved her. Without a word, she slipped from her chair and fell at his feet in a swoon.

Horrified, he gazed down at her as she lay on the ground, her loosened hair rippling and flowing over her. His dream was realized; he had killed her. He lifted her up—a dead weight in his arms. The beautiful soft hair touched his hands caressingly; there was no sign of life. In an agony of remorse he called her by every fond loving name of which he could think; he assured her of his forgiveness, of his love. He kissed her; but she lay quiet in his arms; and it seems as if nothing would ever trouble her again. Better for her if had been so—better for her if she might have been placed then in her quiet grave.

Sir Vivian raised his head suddenly—a man's face with a horrible smile upon it, was looking in at the window; it vanished, and Sir Vivian rang for assistance, and, leaving Lady Gladys in the housekeeper's care, he went out to look for the intruder, but could find no one. He returned to the house, and was met with the joyful intelligence that Lady Gladys was better, and had gone to her room.

That afternoon there was a loud ring at the front door bell; it was a visitor for Lady Gladys.

"She cannot see any one; she is indisposed," said the housekeeper importantly rustling into the hall in a stiff black silk.

The stranger, a short, red-haired man, muttered something that was inaudible.

"I must see her; it is on business. Tell her I come from the *Waterwitch*."

The housekeeper departed unwillingly. Presently she reappeared.

"Lady Warvin will see you in a few moments. Will you come in?"

She ushered him into the library. He sat down by the fire and took up one of the daily papers and began to read. In about half an hour Lady Gladys came in and stood at a little distance from him. He did involuntary homage with his eyes to her beauty, which was now more brilliant than ever. Her eyes shone like stars, her dusky cheeks glowed with color, her loosely-confined hair fell lightly over her shoulders like a golden-brown cloud. She did not begin the conversation, so he gazed his fill at her.

"You have not lost your good looks in fretting after me, my loving wife," he said, with a sneer.

"I thought you were dead," she answered slowly. "Why did you not come home sooner?"

"I have never flattered myself that you would regret my absence. If I had thought so—who knows?—I might have done so! But, having heard from your own lips that you hated me, I did not expect a very rapturous welcome home."

"I never said that I hated you."

"I heard you murmuring it to yourself one day, after one of the pleasant little altercations which we used to indulge in occasionally, years ago."

"You might have written."

"What is the use of talking like that?" he answered roughly. "I did not; so there is an end of it. I may have wished to see how you would conduct yourself under the heavy affliction which befell you. I have seen; I am satisfied."

At the cruel words Lady Gladys looked up.

"Is that all?" she asked in a cold haughty tone. "If you have finished insulting me, I will go"—moving towards the door.

"Not so fast, my lady; I have not done with you yet. Do you think I intend letting you go back to your lover—you—my wife!"—coming close to her and hissing the last words in her ear.

"What do you mean to do with me?" she asked coolly and imperturbably, every fibre in her body revolting against his close contact.

He regarded her with grudging admiration in his small ferret eyes.

"By Jove, you are a cool hand! If you were not my wife, I should adore you."

Hiding her shivering disgust at this idea, she said quietly—

"You used to love me once."

"I did for a little while," he agreed; "but it was all on one side; so I grew tired of it."

"Whose side?"

"There can be no doubt on that point. I was the fool"—roughly; "but I shall never be again."

"We can be friends, at all events."

"I suppose so," he answered sulkily, surprised at her unexpected gentleness. "I mean you to live with me. No more of your old lovers hanging on, my lady. You are engaged to him, are you not? A good joke—that!"—and he laughed loudly.

If he had caught the look of Lady Glady's eyes he would not have been deceived by her apparent quietude.

"You do not seem to see the point of the joke," he observed when his laughter had subsided. "It is the last you will ever have of that kind; so I advise you to make the most of it."

She did not seem to have heard his remarks; at all events, she did not notice them by word or look; she stood beside him, like a queen condescending to one of the lowest of her subjects; but, in reality, no slave could be more utterly in subjection to his master than she, the worshipped beauty, the queen of so many hearts, was to the little red-haired man by her side; and she knew it.

"How beautiful you are!"—taking up a tress of her golden-brown hair and winding it round his fingers. "And you are mine, to do what I like with! I bought you, you know!"—with a cruel laugh. "Will the other fellow blow his brains out, I wonder, when he hears that I have turned up?"

"I do not think so," she replied calmly.

"What were you doing this morning that made you faint?" he inquired curiously.

"I have been in delicate health for some time"—evasively.

"Have you? I do not believe you"—with sudden passion. "Tell me the truth at once."

"Do not ask me now, Robert," she pleaded faintly. "I will tell you some other time."

He looked half inclined to force her to confess; but seeing that she was white to the lips, he refrained; he had no desire to make a scene.

"Did you see me yesterday in Rainsforth?"

"Yes!"

"Ah," he thought, "she was telling her lover that I had returned" and he stored this discovery in his memory to be used as an instrument of torture at a more convenient season. Then aloud—"Wouldn't you like to know my adventures since I last saw you?"

She bowed he head in assent.

"I suppose you have guessed by this time that the *Waterwitch* which was found wrecked was not my yacht. I saw the report of my supposed death in the papers, and, for those reasons to which I have already referred, I succeeded in keeping my name secret with a little trouble and a good deal of expenditure. Fortunately I had enough money with me for my expenses. However it ran short at last; so I came back to Edinburgh, stopping at Rainsforth. There I met you, driving on a drag by Sir Vivian' side. I made few enquiries in the town, and here I am. Had you better not sit down?"—startled by the look which came over her face at the memory he recalled of that happy day which she had passed by Sir Vivian's side.

She sank back on the sofa, and looked up at him.

"That is all," he said, in answer to the mute inquiry on her face. "I came to see you this morning, but finding that you were better engaged, I refrained. By the way, I believe your lover had the felicity of seeing me at the window; I disturbed him while he was caressing you."

"Was he?"—her white face flushing with rosy delight.

"None of that!" he said fiercely. "Remember, you are my wife."

She hid her face in her hands and moaned. The sight seemed to madden him; and, grasping her shoulder passionately, he said in a low voice—

"Stop that, or it will be the worse for you?"

"Oh, how you hurt!" she cried.

His fierce grasp had made great black bruises on her tender brown shoulders. He retained his hold and looked quite capable of carrying his threat, when steps were heard outside the door; and he dropped his hand as Vivian entered. Lady Gladys raised a desolate face to him but said nothing.

"Gladys," said her husband quietly, "will you introduce me to your friend?"

She opened her pale lips and essayed to speak; but no words came. Her eyes had the look of a hunted deer's. At last she spoke—

"My husband—Sir Vivian Bramhall."

They bowed; Sir Robert looked eagerly for some trace of surprise on Sir Vivian's face; but there was none. With all the self possession which a London life had taught him, he subdued all emotion and murmured a few polite phrases.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance," said Sir Robert, smiling agreeably. "I hear that you have been very kind to my wife."

Sir Vivian bowed again.

"She will be no longer a burden upon your hospitality, as I shall take her on board my yacht."

"Yes?" said Sir Vivian interrogatively. "Not to-night though, surely; it is too late! To-morrow or the next day?"

"To-morrow will do," replied the other, after a short pause, during which he reflected that it would be exquisite pain for them to say "Good-bye" to each other. "I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you at our summer residence in Forfar some time this year."

"You are very good," returned Sir Vivian courteously; I shall be most happy."

After a few more polite remarks, Sir Robert bowed himself out with the finished politeness of which he was master, the door closed, and the two were alone once more.

"This must have been a great shock for you, Lady Gladys," said Sir Vivian softly. "Your husband ought not to have allowed you to be placed in such a false position."

"No," she replied faintly with a cowed, subdued look on her sad face.

"What has he said to her?" wondered Sir Vivian with deep pity, the deeper because of his utter helplessness to aid her in any way.

"Say you forgive me, Vivian?" she whispered. "Do not hate me now."

His eyes were dim as he sat down beside her and wondered what he could do to comfort her.

"As I hope for Heaven," he said solemnly, "I shall always think of you as the dearest friend I have! And remember, Gladys, that I shall always watch over you; and if you want me for any cause whatever, even if it is at the other end of the earth, send for me and I will come!"

She broke down at last, and the hot tears fell down slowly and silently.

"Don't, dear, he said sadly. "I cannot bear to see you so unhappy."

She made no answer, only laid down her head on his shoulder, weeping quietly and miserably. He put his arms round her.

"Poor Gladys," he said brokenly—"my poor darling!" forgetting everything but the awful trouble of the woman at his side who loved him.

* * * *

It was midnight. The cottage was dark and still; there was silence in the hall, up the stairs, and along the passages. All the lights were out; every one was asleep, and the weary troubles of the day gone by were blotted out. Stay! What was that? Could it be a ghost? A dark figure had noiselessly descended the stairs and crossed the hall. As its white hand was on the bolt, the great clock in the corner whirred loudly, and then stopped. "One!" The great broken silence settled down again. "Two!" Under cover of the noisy clang the dark figure opened the door, turned round, and listened. "Three!" The face was visible then. It was Lady Gladys', her large eyes full of an awful dread. The long glass opposite reflected her—a dark figure, with long hair falling like a mantle over her, and bare feet gleaming whitely beneath her black draperies. "Four!" A chair creaked; she lanced

nervously around; but no one was about. Slowly and softly she made her way to door, and stood at last beneath the midnight sky. Swiftly and silently she made her way down to the shore. The waves rose and fell as the wild night wind moaned over them. The moon shone coldly bright upon the rockbound coast where Lady Gladys had, many a time and oft, watched the waves at play. She is watching them now, for the last time. And with the cold waves lapping the shore at her feet, is gazing out upon the water to where the yachts—her husband's and her erst while lover's—are at rest.

At rest! Ah me! "If only I, too, could be at rest! What is there to live for? No one loves me. No one wants me. I am only in everyone's way. Beneath these waves, at least, there is rest."

A great sob bursts from her heart. She steps down; the cold waves chill her little white feet; a shiver runs through her, but only for a moment. She stretches out her arms in a pathetic appeal to heaven. The moon hides its face behind a cloud as, with an exceeding bitter cry, "Oh, Vivian, my beloved!" she gives herself to the cold embrace of the pitiless waves, and finds the peace she craves.

By the sad sea waves there stands a small unpretentious marble headstone. It bears no name or date, and only four words—"In hope of mercy"—find a place upon it; but, in the after years, Sir Vivian and Dollie pay it many a visit, and tears fill the eyes of both as they listen to the everlasting requiem of the winds and the waves over the beautiful Lady Gladys.

(THE END.)

THE LOVE OF WOMEN FOR PRETTY THINGS.

Women have a natural desire for pretty things, a desire which is often crucified in them, but which nevertheless asserts itself whenever it finds an opportunity. Of course there are different kinds of tastes, and different ideas in regard to what constitutes beauty; but most women have a desire for beauty as it represents itself to them, or as they see it through the inner eyes, if the outer are seldom blessed with a sight of it. In Washington, D. C., recently died a lady who belonged to a society the peculiar function of which it was to send twice a year a missionary box to poor ministers' wives, most of whom are intelligent and educated, but some of whom are exceedingly poor, and rarely see pretty things. An outfit was required for a poor minister's wife's baby, and this lady asked that this part of the missionary box be committed to her hands, and she spent the last months of her life making baby-clothes for the infant not yet born whose mother she had never seen. But she astonished her associates, and displeased some of them, by the care and taste with which she prepared the tiny garments. The material was the finest and she stitched, embroidered and trimmed with delicate lace until the little trousseau looked as if it had been prepared for the daintiest of the fortunate infants born with the traditional silver spoon rather than the forcordained-to-poverty baby of a poor minister. "What is the use?" asked one, and "You are throwing away time, strength and money," said another. But the kind lady only smiled, and said: "You cannot imagine the pleasure it has given me to make this set of baby-clothes for some unknown mother. Women like pretty things. I have made them fine and pretty, so that for once she will have something that will please her, and if it is her first child she will receive them, and it, as a veritable gift from God, and see in them a good omen for the child." The garments were completed, and with them was sent a pretty wrapper for the mother. But soon after the box was sent off, the lady, who had put the last work of her hands into its delicate contents, died, quite satisfied that they would reach their destination. Months afterwards there came a letter which, alas! she never received, from the grateful recipient of the famous outfit.

"Oh!" wrote the unknown mother, "you cannot imagine the pleasure with which I found myself the possessor of such lovely baby-clothes. I have always been so fond of pretty things, but never possessed them till now. I look at them twenty times a day, and am almost afraid to use them.

ILLUSTRATED DESIGNS.

The polonaise is a feature of the summer designs, and our readers will find three new ones among the illustrations for the present month. The "Eska" is a very graceful style and combines the popular princesse back with the effect of a basque front, the apron is prettily draped and not too long or short, and the drapery at the back though simple and easily adjusted, is stylish looking and adapted to any material.

The "Zerelda" is a particularly good design for satine, chintz, printed delaine or flowered goods of any description, but especially those that have "body," as designs which open or are cut away from the front are apt to look stringy if left to hang unsupported. The shirred fronts may be made in the same material, or in the solid color of the ground, or in muslin or lace, according to the material of which the polonaise is composed—dotted muslin is pretty upon chints, the loops of black ribbon velvet. Copper-colored lace looks well upon mahogany satin, and tinted Oriental upon ecru. Pongee should have shirrings of itself, so should figure figured or batiste, hair striped silk or dotted foulard.

The "Luisella" is better adapted to wool and to early fall wear than either of the others. It is an excellent design for tapestried wool over a plain velvet or velveteen skirt, with vest of the velvet, or of plain silk or satin matching the velvet in colors. If of silk, the vest will be more effective if laid in fine knife pleats or folds.

The "Philippa" costume consists of a basque and trimmed skirt. The basque is not deep, and is cut in three points back and front. At the back the drapery is gathered up and attached to the basque in a very graceful manner, a disposition that is much liked and gives the effect of a princesse back to the dress. The soft buff in front, the lower drapery and the general style of the costume adapts it to soft and light weight material; the figured grenadines, the thin wools with plush lozenges, or velvet figured cloths of fine texture. The open bodice may be filled by a vest of plain velvet, by an embroidered shirt, by a plastron, a tucked neckerchief or folds of lace or tulle.

The "Fillide" basque and "Aurelia" skirt compose a very handsome costume, and one particularly elegant and seasonable. It should be made of two materials, plain and figured; figured velvet grenadine and plain satin merveilleux, or brocaded satin and satin merveilleux, or it may be made of embroidered pongee or satine plain and figured. The foundation of the skirt is silk lining or fine twilled satine; upon this a narrow pleated flounce is first laid, then in front a very deep puff which is tucked half way down, and above this a small draped apron. The sides are panelled with the figured stuff and trimmed with lace or embroidery, and the back is irregularly draped. The front of the basque is open to form square revers, and display a full shirt which reappears below. This should be of gauze lace or embroidered muslins.

The "Clarice" waist is a pretty cut for young ladies in the fall or at any time, but it is specially good in velveteen or velvet combined with wool; straight woollen skirt of gray wool, dark red velvet yoke, cuffs, belt, and loops and ends. Brown velvet with ecru also looks well, or black velvet with grendarme blue, two shades of smoke gray, the velvet in the deeper one. It is an excellent idea and a simple one for a school dress. The "Clelia" over-skirt is light and summery, adapted to dotted muslins and all delicate summer material. It may be trimmed with lace or embroidery, and looks well in hair-striped or checked gingham, or satine finished with part-colored embroidery. The "Diva" mantelet is one of the quaint and stylish little shapes which have appeared in very costly materials this summer, and had their cost enhanced by vast quantities of lace or fringe. The lace fortunately is not a very expensive kind, the French imitations of Chantilly having been revived, and much Escurial and Spanish lace used. But the expense easily reaches high figures for even so small a garment, and forty, fifty, sixty and seventy dollars are frequently asked and received for a mantle scarcely reaching to the waist. The most fashionable material for them is a rich figured silk velvet grenadine, lined with a shot silk or with black, but they are made in Ottomans, and for autumn will appear in plain velvets, with very long square ends lined with satin.

In Lubec, Me., 4,340,000 boxes of "sardines" were put up last season.

It costs not less than $33,000,000 annually to support the dogs of the United States.

A French physician calls spinach *le balai de l'estomac*—the broom of the stomach—for it cleanses and purifies that organ.

The most remarkable known echo is that on the north side of a church in Shipley, Sussex. It repeats twenty-one syllables.

"Sit down," said an honestly-dressed vivacious young lady at a fashionable watering-place "sit down; it's about the only thing you can do here without paying for it."

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

VICTORIA, B. C., July 9, 1884.
S. F. WILSON, ESQ., Toronto.

Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a handsome coin silver case watch, as my award in competition No. 5. It is not only valuable, but is in every other respect a first-class time piece. The Journal is well worth the 50 cents, and a good deal more. I am anxiously waiting for my July number. Accept my sincere thanks, and hoping that you will have every success with your JOURNAL,

I remain,
Yours respectfully,
WALTER MORROW.

WOODSTOCK, June 20, 1884.
EDITOR LADIES' JOURNAL.

Dear Sir,—I cheerfully acknowledge the silk dress you sent me as a prize for correct answers to Bible competition No. 6, in your valuable paper. I have shown it to several, and their united testimony is that it is in value and quality all that you represented it to be. Accept my sincere thanks for so valuable a prize.

MRS. D. MCALPIN.

DUNDAS, June 23, 1884.
EDITOR LADIES' JOURNAL, TORONTO.

Dear Sir,—I now embrace this opportunity of thanking you for the beautiful black silk dress won by me in Bible Competition No. 6. I am very well pleased with it, and every person to whom I have shown it thinks it very nice.

I remain,
Yours truly,
M. J. BROWN,
Box 205, Dundas.

WOODSTOCK, MINN., July 16, 1884.
S. FRANK WILSON.

Dear Sir,—The Watch which I was fortunate to win, arrived safely last evening, and I am much pleased with it, and do not see how you can afford to give such valuable presents away, and yet leave your subscription price so low, as the magazine is cheap at the subscription price, independent of the presents. Wishing you prosperity and a goodly number of subscribers from this section of our country, I remain,

Very respectfully yours,
T. T. FITZGERALD.

TORONTO, June 23, 1884.
EDITOR LADIES' JOURNAL.

Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the rec of Solid Silver Watch, which is fully to your promise.

Yours respectfully,
MR. R. W. LAIRD.

DUNDAS, June 24, 1884.
MR. S. FRANK WILSON, TORONTO.

Dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of the beautiful tea service awarded no in LADIES' JOURNAL Bible Competition No. 6. We are exceedingly well pleased with it, our friends think it very handsome, it is all we could desire. For which you will accept my hearty thanks. The LADIES' JOURNAL and TRUTH both come to our house, we appreciate them very much.

Yours truly,
W. G. BROWN.

TO PRIZE WINNERS.

As many of the prize winners omit to send the amount required for postage or packing, when applying for prizes, we deem it necessary to remind them that money should accompany all applications as follows;—sewing machines, $2 00; guns and tea-services, $1 50; baby-carriages and clocks, 50 cents; dress-goods 30 cents; watches, 25 cents; books, spoons, and handkerchiefs, 12 cents; butter knives and pickle forks, 6 cents.

The rope-walker's slide for life is merely a slide for money.

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

Present fashions recall many memories to those who are on the shady side of fifty, who have passed through several decades of fashions, and remember their own youth and the modes of their own day. That which is novel to the young is a revival of their own youth to them, for the fashions of to-day take in much that was current thirty and even forty years ago; and it is not at all extraordinary to see ladies appear in gowns that have hardly seen the light for upward of a quarter of a century, yet look not greatly different from those which have only just left the hands of the dressmaker. During the coming autumn the number of correspondences will be increased; for to the shot silks and figured muslins, the printed challis, and thin wool delaines will be added Irish poplins, the Scotch granites, and the useful mohairs, all of which have been consigned to oblivion for many years, and the reappearance of which is in the nature of a resurrection. It remains to be seen whether these fabrics, which demand straight, somewhat stiff, and stately lines in the cut and adjustment, will hold their own against softer materials, and more flowing draperies. The truth is, there is a place for all; long lines and stately fabrics are adapted to the dignity of age, soft materials, and pretty, varied forms to the grace and brightness of youth; but one style should not be mixed with another, and cannot be without producing a painful amount of incongruity.

The fashions of the present season, take them for all in all, have been marked by unusual simplicity and economy. Inexpensive materials have been largely used, the attractive designs, and light, airy, graceful trimmings, imparting to them beauty and the effect of higher cost. Satines, as a class, among the superior cotton fabrics, have been much less desirable in pattern than the same goods for several previous seasons, and perhaps for that reason have retired to the background. The best styles are the pale shaded roses, or chrysanthemums, on a black ground; the trimming coffee-colored lace, a shade deeper than *ecru*, and necessary to give character to the costume. These satines in almost the self-same patterns—at least in flower patterns on black and chocolate grounds—were in high vogue forty or more years ago, and were then costly enough to be prized as highly as silk. In fact, the reproduction in furnishing of the cretonne and flowered satine mania is hardly justified by the rank these goods hold to-day, for when they represented fashions in the past they also represented high cost.

This summer has seen the revival of "pink and white" in various charming combinations. We will not follow Mrs. Stowe's example and call it "tyranny," for fashion is nothing now if not various, and certainly cannot be called tyrannical. Still, there are always certain "kinks" that have a following, and ideas that seem to be in the air; and pink and white, instead of the yellow and white, which has floated about us so long, is one of these ideas or influences. Pink and whitsurah, the skirt composed mainly of alternate narrow ruffles with lace over the pink, and a wide, soft ribbon belting in the waist, makes a lovely costume. There are also pink ginghams for morning wear trimmed with white braid, and pink nunsveiling made over white, and embroidered with small starry white blossoms to a depth which forms an apron or a complete drapery. Very wide embroideries are a feature of the season; white dresses are made up with bands of embroideries, put on as flounces or draperied aprons, half a yard in depth; or the entire dress, skirt, and basque is made of piece embroidery, and trimming with an edging matching its pattern and with ribbons, which are almost universal of all secondary toilets. Upright lines and panels are as fashionably used as ever, but it is a mistake to employ so much elaboration in the cutting and arrangement of simple washing or inexpensive woolen materials; the style should be carefully adapted to the material and its purpose; or it suggests ignorance, as well as the limits of the wardrobe of the wearer, for a lady who could have an elaborate design made up in silk or satin would never dream of copying the same model in ordinary woolen or cotton.

A recent fancy in imported ball dresses is adorning them with plants of which the roots as well as stems are visible. The skirts are masses of light gauze, tulle, or some equally thin tissue; the bodies are plain, solid satin, without trimming of any kind, save a group of roses apparently from the bush upon the skirt, but wholly destitute of foliage. Light feather trimming and groups of feathers are used upon tulle, but not if the tulle draperies are embroidered with flowers; in this case ribbons and enameled insects are preferred. A great novelty, imported, and of which only a very few have been seen, is the transparent (lace) bonnet, and parasol. The parasol has a small solid centre of satin, or brocade, from which handsome Spanish or Escurial lace is drawn down plain over a gilt frame and finished with a deep ruffle of lace, over which is a fringe of delicate flowers. A wide bow of ribbon is tied upon the stick instead of upon the top. Net, or more ordinary lace, is puffed upon the frame, or upon a silk lining. The bonnet has a transparent crown of white real lace, and small puffed velvet brim in garnet or dark green; the garniture is a lovely aigrette of feathers, with a butterfly in white and gold in the centre; and long slender gold pins, or needles, which fasten the lace strings. It is quite common for young ladies to have their pretty muslin dresses made with straight skirts, gathered "French" waists belted in with ribbon, and short puffed sleeves.

Smithers says there is just "no" difference between right and wrong.

"I understand your Emily is engaged to young Ferdinand, the son of Mr. Bullstocks, the wealthy banker," said their lady visitor. "Not now. She was, but received an offer of marriage from Mr. Rifle Twist, the celebrated pitcher of the Goose-egg nine, and we persuaded her to break the engagement with Mr. Bullstocks, as we desire to see her comfortably settled above the possible reach of want."

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

There is nothing to complain of with regard to the summer clothing of girls this season, because it can be just what the mother's sense, taste or judgment chooses. There is nothing obligatory in any particular style, color, or material—nothing but what the difference between conditions and circumstances may demand. If mothers take little girls to hotels at fashionable watering-places, they are naturally expected to conform to the showy and conventional spirit of the surroundings but the average of children at such places is very small—the percentage of families who live at hotels is very small—compared to the great majority outside of them who live in pleasant homes, and therefore they are not, after all, so much to be taken into account. The summer and winter homes scattered all over this broad and smiling land are where the bright armies of children live, and in these the mother may consult her own discretion, guided by her acquired knowledge and experience without much fear of being "out of the fashion." For everything is fashionable for children—the straight skirt gathered to the waist, the princesse dress with its addition of kilted flounce or ruffles and the simple Jersey with kilted skirt and sash, which nothing has been able to displace.

Perhaps the dress for girls most worn in city and country alike, most refreshing from its simplicity and its general air of ease and comfort, is the straight skirt gathered to a yoked waist, the yoke either made of the material or of embroidery, as in the "Gerda" costume. The style adapts itself to all ages, and is a favorite with slender stylish maidens of eighteen as well as the little misses of ten. Girls who have worn them all summer are having autumn dresses made in the same way for house and especially for school (indoor) wear. Of three dresses made with simple straight skirts, and waists as in the "Gerda" costume, one is of strawberry-red wool, with red velvet yoke of a darker shade; another smoke-gray, with velvet of a darker shake for the yoke; and a third electric blue with alternate lines of ribbon velvet, and embroidery upon bands of the material for the yoke.

Very pretty effects are produced by young ladies who adopt for morning wear simple gathered dresses of gray-blue linen, pink and white gingham, or cool buff chambery, and come down to country stations in their pretty phaetons wearing with these gowns white shade-bonnets of drawn mull or India muslin, and a three-cornered handkerchief of mull crossed in front and gathered up on the shoulders and showing a pretty corsage-bouquet of pink and white flowers, but no jewellery.

For little boys who have reached five or six years and outgrown kilts, nothing has been discovered more becoming or better adapted to their perpetual and illimitable restlessness than a shirt waist of hair-striped cotton, pleated, and "pants" of twilled flannel lined throughout the seat with thin twilled silesia, and cut off above the knees, which are protected by long-ribbed hose *double* at the knee. This kind costs more to begin with, but they save much wear of time, and energy, and temper, and are most economical to end with. If another garment of any kind is needed, there is nothing better for the little fellows than a linen blouse belted in, or, for grave occasions, a tweed sack or ulster with side pockets.

It is comfortable to think that children are relieved of the horrors of the high-colored, checked, striped and spotted hose which obtained a few seasons back. Now their long stockings, drawn high above the knees, are of sober and dark tints and thickly ribbed, which adds greatly to their durability. Of course in dressing children for a garden-party at the Grand Union in Saratoga, hosiery of pink silk, and mauve blue will be used to match the dainty toilettes of silk and lace; but, as remarked before, it is not necessary to say much about those. We care more to inform the much larger majority, who do not take their children to hotel garden-parties, how they can dress best with the least cost and work. Complete white suits are always pretty for children, either boys or girls, but one day usually finishes them, and they are, therefore, better made of duck than flannel, unless money is no object; and the laundress can clean flannel without spoiling it; but with white dark red or black hose are employed, and narrow necktie to match. The band of Ottoman ribbon around the straw hat should also be of the same color.

Among the illustrated designs for the month is a charming dress for girls of fourteen or sixteen, called the "Gerda" costume. It consists of a yoked upper dress draped over a skirt, which is edged with a narrow plaiting and trimmed with a deep plaited flounce. The waist is belted in with velvet, the sleeves and yoke are of open embroidery, the body part of the material may be lawn, muslin, nun's veiling, or any pretty, thin material. The "Rabia" costume is adapted to a more useful class of goods—to light wools, to solid silks, to figured woollens over silk, or velveteen, and many other fabrics, including the new granites and mohair cloths. The full plastron may be of lace if upon silk, or of silk or satin upon wool or silk. Upon black silk a plastron of crimson silk or satin covered with black lace looks well, but this is rather old for a child. Upon gray wool a plastron and cuffs of clover-red wool look exceedingly well. Among the little dresses are two varieties of the princesse, and a blouse dress, the "Eda," for six years. The "Mittie" is a good design in flannel in school wear in the early autumn, and the blouse dress may also be utilized in wool and trimmed with an embroidered ruffle, the work executed upon the material.

High-buttoned boots in French or Dongola kid are the correct day wear for little women.

Fedora-front redingotes and garments for little girls are as popular as for grown-up women.

Point d'esprit, or pin-head dotted net, is the rival of the new imitation Chantilly piece-lace.

THE POWER OF A KISS.

BY A. D. WALKER.

"There was in our city, a few years ago, one of the hardest cases I have ever met in the form of a woman. She would drink at morning, noon and night, and drink made her like an infuriated beast. Why, I have seen her led along by two policemen, one not daring alone to lay hands upon her. She wholly lost her self-respect, and she was the most degraded object that could be met anywhere.

"After the temperance society was organized, one good lady said to another: 'I am going to call upon poor Mrs. W——, and see if I can do her any good.'

"'Do not go! I beg you will not!' said the other, frightened at the thought.

"'And why not, pray!'

"'The reasons for not going are strong. She will not heed you, or if she does she will kick you down the stairs. She is a perfect brute when in liquor, and my advice is to stay away from her; and you will do well to listen to my warning."

"'I must go see her, and try to aid her,' answered the benevolent woman whose mind was fully made up on the subject.

"And go she did, intent on doing good. She reached the place, and mounted the rickety stairs that led to her miserable room, groped her way to the door, and peeped cautiously in; and in the far corner of the room she saw what seemed to be a great bundle of rags; going over to the spot, she found the poor wretch she was seeking, and she laid her hand upon the poor inebriate's shoulder without saying a word. The fallen woman raised her face, and oh! what a face it was! bloated, scarred, red and vicious.

The benevolent woman silently leaned over, and kissed that truly repulsive face, still without speaking.

"'What did you do that for? What did you do that for?' eagerly questioned the poor creature.

"'Because I love you, and want you to do better.'

"Heeding not the answer, the drunkard rocked back and forth, still repeating the question, "What did you do that for? I have never had a kiss like that since I was a child—a pure little child, not a vile drunkard. O! what did you do that for?' and she broke into loud, uncontrollable sobs.

The good Samaritan assisted her to rise, helped her down the stairs, and led her to her own house, where she was decently clad, and when evening came she willingly went with her benefactor to a religious meeting, a meeting where the poor outcast was welcome. The good minister who led the meeting was the pastor of a church situated in a locality where vice grew up like weeds, and he labored willingly as a missionary among the poor and degraded, feeling that such was his Master's work for him.

"After service it was his wont to ask any that felt their need to stand up for prayers, and on the evening above referred to he followed his usual custom, and up before his view rose the drunkard, Mrs. W——.

"Ah!' thought he, 'now here is trouble; there will be a row raised;' for well he knew the vileness and strength of this fallen woman.

"'What do you wish, madam?' he politely asked, hoping to quell her rage.

"'I wish to—bo—prayed—for,' she stammered.

"'What do you wish?' repeated the pastor, not believing his senses.

"'I want to—be—prayed for,' she again answered, looking him full in the face from out her bleary eyes.

"He was just about fulfilling her request, when the poor wretch added, 'But I want her to pray for me;' and she pointed to the good woman at her side.

"'What could I do?" said the pastor; 'it was against the rules of our church to ask a woman to speak in meeting, but I could not heed rules under such circumstances, and I said: "Madam, here is a poor soul wants your prayers; pray for her." Down knelt the good sister, and earnestly prayed. The prayer was not eloquent, neither lengthy. It was simply these words: "Oh- Lord, help her to do right, for Jesus' sake, Amen."

"They arose, and went their way, but God hears prayers, and that was the commencement of better things for the poor, degraded Mrs. W——.

"Two years after this, there was in the same church a great temperance meeting, and the women marched in procession. At their head came a large, handsome woman, bearing a blue silk banner on which were the words: 'Woman's work for woman's weal.' The pastor had a friend with him in the pulpit who asked:

"'Who is that large, fine-looking woman?'

"'That is Mrs. W——.'

"'And, pray, who is Mrs. W——?'

"The pastor then related the story we have here told.

"'And what wrought a reform in one so base?' asked the friend in surprise.

"'It was the power of the Gospel, sir,' answered the pastor.

"'And how did the Gospel reach her?' was asked. 'Was it through your preaching?"

"'I think not; but let us call her and ask her;' and the pastor beckoned the woman to come forward. She modestly advanced, and he asked: 'Mrs. W——, what wrought your reformation?"

"'It was the power of a kiss,' and she again repeated the story we have told, and added: 'Ministers of the Gospel had talked to me of my degradation, and told me that I ought to be ashamed; a woman making herself such a spectacle, and sternly bade me do better. This did no good, nor influenced me in the least; but when the dear, good, angel woman came to me and kissed me, my hard heart was softened, and when she told me that it was because she loved me, I was melted to the soul, and she, under God, was the means of my reform.'

"And, now, Mrs. W—— to-day is leading the life of a Christian."

A novel and curious costume for a fancy-dress party was recently made for a young lady who planned the details of the toilet herself. The dress represented the four seasons, was made short, and of the richest quality of satin. The skirt was divided into four panels. One division was made of pale green satin, representing spring. This was hand-painted with crocus blossoms, lilacs, and tulips, and fringed at the hem with pendent artificial violets. The next panel, representing summer, was made of palest blue, shot with gold and adorned with loveliest roses, with fringe of pendant strawberries. The next division, for autumn, showed a deep ruby panel, decorated with apricots, white and purple grapes, with fringe of feathery clematis. For winter the panel was of silver-gray satin, with snowflakes of chenille covered with cut crystals and hollyberries, covered with a thin vitrification resembling frost and ice. The bodice was a close fitting jersey of glittering gold cloth, square in the neck and sleeveless. The diadem worn above the fair hair was composed of an odd family of young robins, butterflies, humming-birds, and snow-wrens, thus carrying out the different points of the dress itself

FASHION NOTES.

Wreaths of grasses dotted over with all sorts of gay insects are worn on country hats by Parisians.

The coolest of summer street wraps are shoulder capes made entirely of loops, chenille, and beads.

The largest number of wash-goods dresses made up in one particular style are those in the form of what are incorrectly called Mother Hubbards.

Some jerseys cost $100, but they are masses of beads and embroidery with lace stripes, and are not any prettier after all than some that cost only a few dollars.

The momentous question of the feminine American mind at present is not whether to vote or not to vote the coming presidential election, but how to keep the bustle in place.

The fancy of wearing a velvet basque with a white or light goods skirt is not so comfortable for the heated term as that of the muslin or lace spencer with a colored or black silk or wool skirt.

Very wide sashes are again in vogue. They pass around the waist and are tied in a big bow at the back. They are specially pretty with full-tucked skirts and full waists, with or without yokes.

The Circassian jacket, quite short at the waist, square cut in front, opening over a Russian waistcoat and belt, and worn with a full-trimmed or untrimmed shirt, comes to us among other Parisian novelties.

The latest costume of high ceremony brought out from Paris consists of a pale blue Chantilly lace (entire) dress, worn over a pale-blue Surah slip. The blue net, on which the white (imitation) Chantilly flowers are applique, is fine silk tulle.

Lace lambrequin draperies of border lace, placed around the bottom of the bodice, lace elbow sleeves, and a full lace yoke strapped with ribbon matching the taffeta glace of Surah of the foundation of the costume, are the features of some of the dressiest summer toilets.

When Chantilly is quoted as one of the fashionable laces the old black, real lace of Chantilly is not meant, but an imitation of the flowers of that old lace, only white, not black, and applique as a rule, on colored tulle or colored net. These are wonderfully effective and beautiful imitations.

A full or gathered bodice, with round waist and belt, is quite the best fashion for making a cambric, lawn, or muslin dress. The bodice of a washing dress should never be made tight-fitting, for the seams are never straight after ironing. That know as the "Kendall" bodice is to be recommended with the future contingency of the washing-tub. This style is a favorite with a popular actress, from whom the name is derived, and will suit those who do not find an ordinary full bodice becoming. The fronts are made to fit the figure, but a length of material is set in fixed plaits in the shoulder seams an inch or two below the neck.

French dress are now almost without exception made up over what the Parisian modiste calls *fausse jupes*, or false skirts—*i.e.*, those made of inferior material. This foundation skirt is then faced up about one-third of its length with the dress material, and the trimmings are then added in the shape of kiltings, pelisses, flounces, and other drapings. At this moment there are two leading types of skirts—the one, plain at the front and sides, with all the bouffant effect carried to the back; the other, a fully trimmed skirt, covered with ruffles, plaited or plain paniers, drawn puffings, and the like. Of course, in the latter style the greater fullness is at the back however expensive the trimmings may be elsewhere.

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Ladies, study your own interests. Eaton & Co. buy for cash, and by selling for cash only they are able to offer bargains to be found nowhere else.

Ladies' black satin parasols, lined and trimmed with lace, only 50c.

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Ladies' silk parasols, large size, only $1.25.

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T. Eaton & Co. have parasols for all kinds of weather; for ladies, children, and babies, from 10c. each to $10.

BOOTS & SHOES.

See our French kid boots at $2.75.
See our polished calf boots at $2.
See our pebble button boots at $2.
See our stock of kid slippers from 95c. up.

GLOVES.

Ladies' 2-buttoned colored kid gloves, 35c, worth 75c. per pair.

Ladies' 3-buttoned colored and black, 50c, 65c, worth $1.

Ladies' 4-buttoned, in black and dark colors, 75c. per pair.

Ladies' 4 buttoned kid gloves, stitched backs, tan shades, $1 a pair.

Ladies' 6-buttoned kid gloves, in black and dark colors, tan, slates, operas, and white, $1, $1.25, $1.60 pair.

Ladies' 8-buttoned kid gloves, opera and white, $1.25 & $1.50 pair.

Ladies' Taffetta silk gloves, black and colored, 30c, 35c, 40c. pair.

Ladies' lisle thread gloves, 10c, 15c, 20c, 25c. pair up.

NOTIONS.

Ladies' leather hand satchels, 40c, 50c, 75c, up.

Ladies' black and colored plush satchels, 75c. up.

Ladies' leather purses, 10c, 13c, 15c. up.

Gents' morocco leather purses, 75c, $1, $1.25, $1.50 up.

Just received fine assortment hair brushes, 25c. up.

Fancy back hair brushes, in'aid with pearl, 75c, $1, $1.50 up.

Shawl straps 25c, 35c, 40c, 50c. up.

Fancy gilt silver and jet bar pins in latest styles, 10c. up.

Gilt silver and rubber hair pins in great variety.

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Hair nets, 8c, 10c, 13c, and 15c. each.

Scrap Albums, 15c, 20c, and 25c.

Autograph albums, 50c, 75c, $1, $1.25.

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THE CHILDREN'S STORY.

FISHING FOR STARS.

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE.

Newton stood at the window in his night-gown, waiting for his nurse to put him to bed. It was a beautiful summer night, and the stars were shining as if it were a pleasure just to stay out all night and shine. A great tree stood so near the house that its branches almost touched the window in which the boy stood, and as they gently waved too and fro in the soft evening breeze they seemed to whisper all manner of wonderful things. Newton's nurse did not come as quickly as usual that night, and he stood for quite a long time listening to the branches and watching the stars; he was not lonely, because he loved to get into corners and quiet places and dream of all kind of queer things. By-and-by there was a step on the stairs, and in came the nurse, a little out of breath, as if she knew she were late, and had been running upstairs.

"Little boy, did you think I had forgotten you?" she asked.

"I wasn't thinking about it at all," said Newton; "I was wondering if the stars ever come down."

"Yes," said nurse, "the stars do come down sometimes. I saw one fall only a little while ago. Why, the pond in the garden is sometimes full of them."

Newton's big dark eyes were bigger than ever when he heard this.

"How do they get there?" he asked, looking up eagerly into the face of his nurse.

"Why, dear, how could they get there except by shining," answered the nurse, brushing the curly hair and getting everything ready for bed.

"Was it in our pond you saw them?"

"Yes in our pond last night, after you had gone to bed and I had gone out for a little walk in the garden."

"I wonder if they ever come down in the day-time." said Newton, half to himself.

"Oh no," answered nurse; "they get into the pond only when they shine in the sky, and of course they can't shine when the sun is up."

Newton asked no more questions, but got softly into bed, and lay there for a long time wide awake, thinking about the stars in the pond. Even after he fell asleep he did not stop thinking about them, for he dreamed that he was in a boat, and that the stars were floating on the water line shining lilies. He watched them a long time, and then he leaned ouer and gently put his hand under a little star, and was just lifting it out of the water, when he awoke.

All next day Newton thought of nothing but stars, and the hours seemed a good deal longer than usual, because he was so anxious for night to come again. At dinner his father said, "Newton, what have you been doing all day?"

"Catching stars, papa."

"Catching stars!" said Mr. Brooks, very much astonished at this queer answer to his question. "How did you do it?"

"Well they come down sometimes, nurse says."

"Yes," said Mr. Brooks, "they certinly do, or pieces of them do. I saw one fall last night.

"Did you," and Newton's eyes grew bigger and bigger. "Where did it hit?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Mr. Brooks smiling; "I was too sleepy to look it up. Just as I was going to bed I looked out of the window, and suddenly a bright star dropped down the sky, and seemed to fall into the trees at the end of the garden."

That was the very spot where the pond lay, and Newton was sure the star had fallen into it. All day he had been wishing that he might go down there after dark and see for himself; but how could he do that when he was sent to bed every night at seven o'clock?

It happened that Mr. and Mrs. Brooks were going out that evening, and just as they were starting Newton ran after his mother, and caught her by the hand as she was getting into the carriage, and whispered,

"Can I stay up later to-night."

Mrs. Brooks kissed him and said he might, and Newton ran down into the garden with a very serious face, as if he had important business on hand. He had made a careful plan, and he wanted to see that everything was ready. First he walked down to the pond and looked at the boat; it was fastened to the stake, but it was not padlocked, as he feared it would be. Then he went to the stable and took the crabbling net from the big nail on which it always hung, carried it to the pond, and hid it under a lilac bush, and then walked to the house as if nothing unusual was about to happen.

Half past six was a long time coming that evening, and Newton went a good many times to look at the clock in the hall; at last the nurse called him and he hurried through his tea in a way that would have shocked his mother if she had been there to see the performance. When he slipped down from the table it was seven o'clock, and he had just one hour before bed-time. It was early in September, there was no moon, and was already quite dark. Newton sat down on the piazza, steps and waited, watching very impatiently for the coming of the stars in the sky, and thinking how he could best get into the garden without being seen by the servants in the house. It was a still evening, and one by one the stars stole out of their hiding places, and began to shine through the branches of net-work of branches that overhung the verands; the darkness seemed to be full of katydids, and everyone talked as fast and as loud as it could. At last the clock chimed half past seven, and Newton stole quietly down the steps and along the gravelled walk, and got into the garden before any one noticed tnat he was gone. Once among the shrubs and trees he ran swiftly along the dusky walks to the clump of tall trees that stood together at the edge of the pond. He was so excited that his heart beat like a little hammer. Would the stars really be in the pond, and could he catch one?

When he reached the pond he looked eagerly over the surface, and there, near the middle, and beyond the dark shadows which the trees seemed to cast on the pond, soft but very clear, shone the stars in the motionless water. The boy ran to the lilac bush, drew out the net, and threw it into the little boat; then he gave the boat a little push, which was sufficient to send it several feet in the pond, and to send him flat into its bottom. He picked himself up and found he was floating straight out to the stars; the pond was so small that a good strong push would have sent the boat almost over to the other shore. Newton crawled to the bow, drew the net after him. and waited until he should float exactly over the stars. He began to feel that it was pretty solemn business; it was very dark all about, and even the little pond seemed large and mysterious; there was no sounds but the strange, weird noise of the rustling leaves; the stars overhead seemed to be looking down very tenderly at the stars underneath, and Newton wondered if they would be angry if a star was taken out of the pond. The boat made little ripples as it moved along, and when it had almost reached the middle of the pond the stars began to quiver and tremble, and then they seemed to fall to pieces, and get scattered into gleams of light. Newton was very much afraid they were going out entirely; but in a minute the boat became still and the water calm again, and there was a splendid great star right in front and only a little way off.

Newton had never heard of anybody who fished for stars before, and he was not sure whether he ought to have had a hook with some sort of bait, or whether the net was the right thing: but as the star lay perfectly still on the surface of the water he made up his mind that the net was better than the hook.

He kept very quiet, for he did not know but what a noise would frighten the star away; in fact, he was so excited that he hardly breathed. Without a sound, and almost without a motion, he pushed the pole of the net over the side of the boat, and ran the net under the star. Then he pushed the pole down, and the net rose dripping, with the star in the middle; but, sad to relate, the star seemed to run through the meshes of the net, and fall back into the water with a thousand drops. Newton pulled the net in and looked at it; it was unbroken, and he could not understand how the star could have gotten through and out if it had once been inside. He waited until the water became quiet, and then pushed out the net again; again it seemed to hold the star in the circle of its meshes, but again, as it rose dripping out of the pond, the star fell back in a shower of drops. The boy was greatly disappointed, but he was not ready to give up yet; perhaps he had been too slow.

He waited until the water became quiet again, and then he suddenly stood up in the bow of the boat and gave the net a quick push into the water, Instantly there was a great splash, and boy, boat, and stars were all mixed up in one grand commotion; the whole pond was in an uproar. Newton had pushed too far, and fallen overboard! Fortunately for the star-fisher it was a very still night, and George, who happened to be standing in the stable door smoking his short black pipe, heard the first splash, and ran to the pond without waiting to hear anything else. When he got there the boat was bobbing up and down, and the ripples were coming ashore in great circles, and George looked about anxiously to see the cause of the commotion. He was not kept waiting long, for in a second Newton's head came up out of the pond, looking for all the world like a round black ball in the water. Before it had time to go down again George had caught the dark curls and was pulling curls and all to shore.

For a minute or two Newton was so stunned that he hardly knew what had happened or where he was. The water ran out of his ears and eyes, and flowed in little streams from his clothes. George had read that something ought to be done with drowning people as soon as they were pulled out of the water, but he couldn't remember what it was that ought to be done; however, he did the only thing he could think of, and held Newton head downward for a minute, and then gave him several hard shakes. This brought the boy to his senses, and in a moment George carried him to the house. The nurse was too much frightened to scold him; she took off his wet clothes, gave him something warm so drink, and got him into bed as fast as possible. The next morning it was all so like a dream that Newton couldn't make up his mind whether it had really happened or not until he saw his clothes hanging before the kitchen fire after breakfast.

Black glace, black surah, and black Indian silks are trimmed to excess with wide plaitings and gathered flounces and frills of chalk-white Valenciennes lace, while the corsages are elaborately draped and made decorative with arrangements of Va enciennes fichus, berthes, or barbes, or sometimes a full gathered waistcoat of piece Valenciennes or laize, and festooned pannier draperies of the same or lambrequin draperies of full festooned flowering lace.

GOOD THINGS TO KNOW.

To clean painted walls mix whiting with water till as thick as paste; apply with a flannel rag and wash off with warm water and a cloth.

Color taken out of dark colored goods with acid may be restored by the application of liquid ammonia.

To remove ink stains; as soon after the ink is spilled as possible, dip a sponge in milk and rub the spot, cleaning the sponge again in clean water before putting it again in the milk, to avoid smearing it: continue the operation until the ink is out.

A good polish for linen cuffs is made as follows: Three ounces of white wax, three drachms of spermaceti, one-half pound of borax, one and one-half ounces of gum tragacanth. Melt together and put a piece the size of a walnut into a quart of starch made in the usual manner.

To whiten and soften the hands, rub them every night with a mixture made by melting together thoroughly one half pound of mutton tallow, one ounce of camphor gum and one ounce of glycerine.

Egg Pudding.—Make a custard of one quart of milk, four beaten eggs, two teaspoonful of sugar, lemon flavoring, one tablespoonful of corn starch. Pour over stale cake and set away to cool.

Rye Muffins.—One cup of flour, two cups of rye meal, one pint of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of sugar, pinch of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, one and one-half teaspoonful of cream tartar. Bake in muffin rings.

Cookies.—Two teacups of sugar, three quarters of a cup of butter, one cup of sour milk sweetened with soda, nutmeg; roll thin; bake brown.

Doughnuts.—One cup of sugar, and cup of sour milk sweetened with soda, three eggs, spice; mix soft. Roll and cut in rings, and fry in boiling fat.

Ginger Cookies.—One half cup each of sugar, butter, water and molasses, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda stirred in the molasses, one tablespoonful of ginger. Mix smooth with flour.

Beef Cakes.—Chop rare done roast beef very fine; season with salt, pepper and a little chopped onion; mix, make into small cakes and fry in beef drippings.

Chipped Beef.—One pint of milk, one half-cup of water, two tablespoonful of flour stirred in one beaten egg. When it has boiled up once stir in chipped dried beef and cook three minutes.

A Stocking Bag.—The materials needed are one and one-half yards of print or cretonne, eight small curtain rings, a stick of braid and a large piece of paste board. Cut three pieces of pasteboard each six and one-half inches wide and seven and one-half inches long and round one end of each. Tear a strip seven inches wide from one side of the print and the whole length; cover the pasteboards with this. Cut a piece nine inches long and the width of the remaining print, hem one side and round the corners of the others; gather the ends and rounded sides, and sew to one of the pieces of pastboard, running an elastic into the hem; this is to hold the yarn; hem the ends of the remaining print, gather the sides and sew one side to the piece that holds the yarn, and the other to another piece of pasteboard; put in flannel for needles on this piece, and put the last piece over it and fasten at the top; fasten the rings to the top of the bag and run in the braid.

"La, me!" exclaimed an old lady who had been reading the hotel arrivals in a daily paper, "how many people there be who come from 'Do!'"

The Ladies' Journal

Devoted to Literature, Fashion, &c.

AUGUST, 1884.

Printed and published by S. FRANK WILSON, 33 and 35 Adelaide Street, West, Toronto, Ontario.

OUR PATTERNS.

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OUR NEW STORIES.

In our next month's issue (September) of the LADIES' JOURNAL, will be commenced a new and very interesting story, entitled "A Footlight Favorite." As the title indicates, it is the story of a young actress, "whose mirth the world required;" whose life—like many another true woman's—is spoiled by her love for the wrong man, who sacrifices herself, woman-like, for the sake of an unconscious rival, and whose light goes suddenly out in the zenith of her fame. It is not sensational; there is no blood curdling murder; no unsolvable mystery; no "green room gossip." It is the simple, every day domestic story of one woman's life, and as such will, we are sure, prove attractive and interesting to our thousands of lady readers.

In the same issue we will give the first part of a short story by the famous Western authoress, Ella Wheelor Wilcox, whose name is so familiar to our readers. It is a story of heroism and devotion, and is told in the authoress' well-known terse, vigorous, vivid style. We hope our readers will make a note of this, as it will afford a capital opportunity for new subscribers who will thus secure these highly interesting stories in their entirety.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.

The designs and illustrations of this department are from the celebrated house of Mme. Demorest, the acknowledged representative of Fashions in Europe and America. This house has always received the first premium at all the Expositions, and is the recipient of the only award over all competitors for patterns of Fashions, at the Centennial and Paris Expositions. Paris, London and New York.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING.—To every pound of flour, one tablespoonful of carbonate of soda, well mixed, add buttermilk (no matter how sour) to make it a thick batter, beat well up; put it in a very hot tin in the oven with some fat nearly boiling, or in a large frying pan over the fire; take care it does not burn. Turn it; gravy, syrup or preserve is nice with it. Serve it at once.

Delicious filling for a layer cake is made of bananas sliced thin, with powdered sugar sprinkled over them. The bananas should not be prepared until almost tea time, for they become discolored if they are perfectly ripe and allowed to stand long. Another way to prepare a filling is to chop some pine-apple very fine, and put half pine-apple and half banana together, put a layer of banana on the cake, then cover this with the chopped pineapple and sugar.

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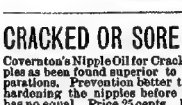

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Clara. Valse Caprice.
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Norine Maurine.
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Good Bye, Mavourneen.
A Broken Ring of Gold.
The Daphne Mazurka.
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To Dyspeptics.

The most common signs of **Dyspepsia**, or **Indigestion**, are an oppression at the stomach, nausea, flatulency, water-brash, heart-burn, vomiting, loss of appetite, and constipation. Dyspeptic patients suffer untold miseries, bodily and mental. They should stimulate the digestion, and secure regular daily action of the bowels, by the use of moderate doses of

Ayer's Pills.

After the bowels are regulated, one of these Pills, taken each day after dinner, is usually all that is required to complete the cure.

AYER'S PILLS are sugar-coated and purely vegetable—a pleasant, entirely safe, and reliable medicine for the cure of **all disorders of the stomach and bowels.** They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first class hotel in the city.

LEFT-HANDED.

"It is useless, Mary, to try and interest me any further in that Allen family. I have been there, as you desired, and I am not at all pleased with them."

"I am both surprised and sorry, Mrs. Rice. I have been there often, and every time I feel a deeper interest in the poor woman and more sympathy for her. What did you see that displeased you?"

"Untidiness, Mary," she said, with emphasis. "If people *are* poor, they can be clean."

"Not when water must be brought up four flights of stairs from a street pump a block away, in a leaky pail or an old pitcher—the pail serving for a coal-scuttle and the pitcher for milk; that, too, by a feeble woman who works 12 hours a day to earn a loaf for her children before she can come home to them and bring it. At least, Mrs. Rice, neither you nor I would keep our own room very nice under such circumstances."

Mrs. Rice leaned back among her crimson cushions, a little discontented by this plain statement; but she rallied once more and said:

"At least she can sew and mend the clothes we give her. There was her little Jenny's blue dress, just as Jenny tore it, and there had not been a stitch set in it. Three buttons were off the back, too. A sewing woman can, at least, catch a few minutes to put things in order. That is what I call shiftlessness, and I do not think it right to encourage it."

"What if you had no thread with which to mend the dress, nor any needle more suitable than a darning-needle for the work? What if with all your saving and calculating, you could not save enough from your children's food to buy these common necessaries? What if every moment of the precious lamplight had to be utilized in sewing, to make out the dreadful rent which must be paid, or her little ones be turned into the street? I am afraid our little ones would go very tattered and destitute if we were in such a case."

"I fear you are over-drawing for the sake of effect Mary."

"Rather believe me, that the half is not told nor even guessed at by us in our comfortable homes. I am thankful these people are sometimes willing to open their hearts to me. It is not curiosity that prompts me to draw them out, but a real wish to do them good, and a feeling that knowledge will be power when I come to plead their cause with just such doubters as you, Mrs. Rice. Let me give you a picture from life, and show you how people contrive to live on nothing, or what is the very next remove from nothing.

"Here is a woman quite alone in the world, with impaired eyesight and no sewing-machine. Twelve cents a day is the very utmost she is able to earn by hand-sewing and that has to supply all her wants. She tried hard all one Summer to save, cent by cent, enough to buy the cheapest calico dress, which she greatly needed, but she was not able to do it."

Mrs. Rice twitched a little nervously at the costly fabric of some trifle in fancy work which lay on her lap, while Mary went on.

"But her lot is happiness itself and prosperity beside that of another woman I know, who toils as hard with her needle besides caring for her little children and feeding a drunkan husband, who demands and sometimes carries off her wages and spends it on drink and tobacco for himself and his comrades. I can assure you, Mrs. Rice, that such wives and mothers have little heart left to 'fix up' in their garrets and cellars. If they are despairing and even bitter, can we blame them? How would it be with us? The very least we, in our happy homes, can do for them, is to give them our true sympathy. Food and clothing are a blessing, but they do not touch the heart like real loving words of kindness. We want, in reality, to come near to them, as our Master did. I took it as a great compliment when a poor old Scotch woman, years older than I am, said I seemed more like her mother to her than anybody she had seen in this country. My children laughed at the idea of my being like Mrs. Duncan's mother; but I dare say, when she last saw her mother she was no older than I am now. When I give away a garment, I know it is a double gift to the poor to have it put in the best possible order. Usually they have little skill at 'fixing over,' and less time or means. You cannot patch without patches, and thread and needles, and a thimble and scissors, and good light, and skill and strength for your work. Where even one of these is wanting, you would be sadly hampered if not wholly prevented. Where every one of them is 'not,' you cannot expect much in the way of repairing. I remember once reading this direction to those who found fault with children for working so awkwardly: 'Sit down, and try to write a whole page with your left hand. Then remember that a child, in his first attempts at work, is all left handed.' When we are tempted to find fault with the poor, I think we might appropriately try the same experiment. Surely, they are 'left handed' in their attempts to improve their condition. The spirit may be ever so willing, but when there are no facilities it cannot be done. God does not require impossibilities, and we should not."

"There is no refuting such arguments as you will always hunt up, Mary," said the other smiling; "so please look down stairs, and find a good pail and pitcher at least, for Mrs. Allen."

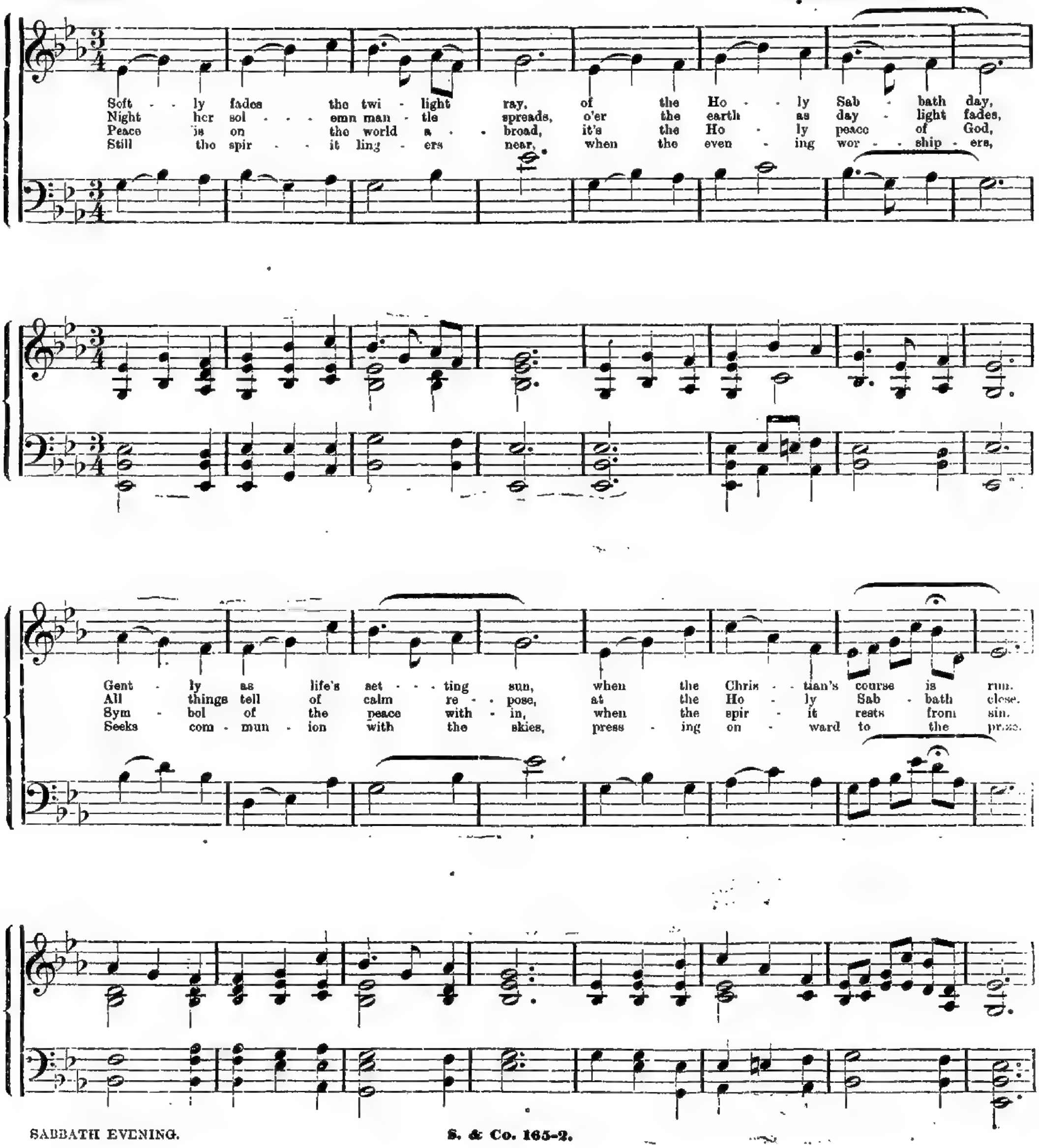
"Thank you very much; but just now I want something to put in the pail and pitcher."

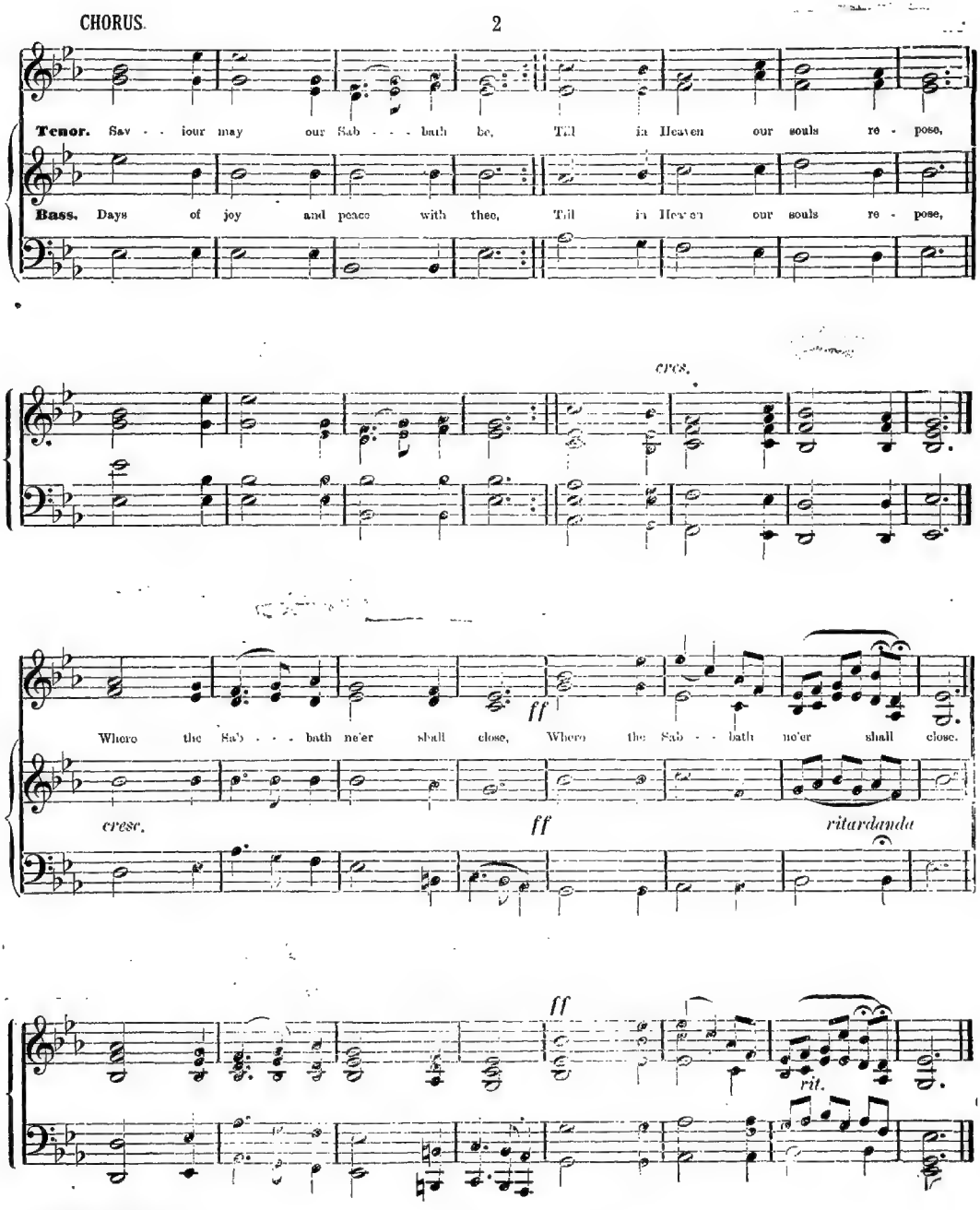
Since the war the colored Baptists have grown from nothing to over 600 churches in Texas alone.

Bishop Simpson, the Methodist leader lately deceased, was the oldest bishop in America.

Sabbath Evening.

Andante. Music by J. P. SAMUEL.




CHORUS.
2
Tenor. Sav - - iour may our Sab - - - bath be, Till in Heaven our souls re - pose,
Bass. Days of joy and peace with thee, Till in Heaven our souls re - pose,
cres.
Where the Sab - - - bath ne'er shall close, Where the Sab - - bath ne'er shall close.
ff
cresc.
ff
ritardando
ff
rit.

DAINTY SUMMER COSTUMES.

Among some lovely dresses for summer wear is a white nun's veiling; two wide ruffles for the skirt and the draped overskirt are embroidered with apple blossoms, a border three or four inches wide. A white jersey is worn for the waist, fastened down the front with apple blossoms. A fine straw hat to wear with this costume is faced with shirred tulle over deep pink satin, with a wreath of apple blossoms around the Tyrolese crown, and a tiny band of the same flowers is fastened to the under part of the brim just below the left ear. To complete this dainty costume is a parasol covered with nun's veiling and lined with white silk on which is painted a long spray of apple blossoms, a heavy white silk fringe finishes the edge, and a pink gros grain and satin ribbon is tied around the handle. Another, is a dress of the most delicate of the new shades of gray. The entire front breadth is embroidered with morning glories, the leaves being of palest green and the blossoms pink and white. The overdress is a polonaise of the gray lined throughout with pale pink, and a gray straw capote worn with this dress has a cluster of white morning glories on one side. Two sets of strings of very narrow pink and white ribbons. A gray parasol lined with the same is embroidered to match the dress.

HISTORIC DRESS.

A celebrated art firm has attracted attention even amid the countless gaieties of a London season, by an exhibition of historic dress, which has been arranged under the direction of Mr. Godwin and the Hon. Lewis Wingfield. Every detail of the exhibition has been carefully studied, even to the attire of the young lady who sits at the desk to receive the tickets, and who, in her long princesse gown of olive Umritzur cashmere, with shoulder puffs and chemisette of soft cream Indian muslin, with her embroidered satchel, and band hanging somewhat below her waist, and her red-gold hair, might be a mediæval captive in some lonely tower. A much-admired Venetian model is of crimson velvet, with full, drawn-up skirt, like the gold one which Ellen Terry wears as *Portia*, brocaded on a ground of dead gold satin. The sleeves are of the same, but over the waist and bust is laced an upper stay bodice of plain crimson velvet trimmed with gold; and the sweeping train, lined with old gold silk, deeply bordered with the ruddy wine tint of the velvet shows, where it is caught up, a skirt of claret satin. Over the hips is a girdle of large pearls.

There is a good Greek dress, but the one which is considered the one most purely artistic is a twelfth-century dress, made in white Arabian cotton, wrung out into heavier folds, with gold girdles and long hanging sleeves of white silk gauze. A "gorgeous" gown is the copy of a Holbein gown worn by Jane Seymour. Over a complete dress of a dusky red velvet, printed in a huge pattern of various shades, is the queen's robe of gold damask, magnificent in design and richness of color and material. The enormous train is lined with sable, as are the wide hanging sleeves, which are caught in a puff midway between shoulder and elbow. They, as well as the square cut bodice, are trimmed with a rich passementerie of narrow gold cord, stitched down with pearls, and the elaborate coif and a small cape or gorget of the damask, to be worn at will complete the costume. Wonderfully heavy and rich is the court dress of Charles I. period—its indigo satin train lined with pale blue, which harmonizes delicately with the white satin pétticoat and stomacher, clasped across with rit bons of the deeper blue, while the indigo sleeves are opened over very full under ones of gold and white brocade. Simpler and more demure is another gown of the same date, of shrimp-pink satin, with trimmings of white satin and white lace bordering all the hems of skirt and jacket bodice, while love knots of white ribbon add grace and freshness to the whole. A tea-gown of modern æsthetic device deserves notice, with its drawn front of blue-green Nagpore silk adorned with smock embroidery, and its voluminous folds of greengage plush, lined with pale green silk; and another pretty gown, perhaps the most wearable in the present day of all the various designs here displayed—is of sea colored Indian silk simply made and drawn into shape by honey combings.

FASHIONABLE LINGERIE.

No. 1.—The lace forming this dressy bow is the beautiful Oriental in one of the new designs, arranged in jabot style with dainty cream colored ribbon loops which show satin on one side and gros grain on the other. A pearl buckle, securing the ribbon with the lace, increases its effectiveness. Any color preferred may be substituted for the cream color. Price with ribbon and lace, $2.50; with buckle of pearl, gilt or steel added, $3.38.

No. 2.—This graceful bow is composed of many loops of *ciel* blue satin ribbon combined with brocaded ribbon which shows a floral design having a mingling of dark red, yellow and olive tints. Any of the lovely ribbons now so popular can be substituted for those used. Price, $2.50.

No. 3.—Moliere plastron of Oriental lace net gathered at the neck, and again at the waist, and falling in a soft full jabot below. Ribbon loops and ends of the lovely new *coquelicot*, or poppy red, are placed at the neck and waist, though any particular color favored by the wearer may be substituted. Price, $5.50.

No. 4.—Black velvet vest, with cream colored silk mull plastron, shirred full, and a Pompadour lace collar falling over a standing one of velvet. The bow at the waist is of satin ribbon of an amber tint, although any color deemed most becoming may be substituted. Price, $5.

No. 5.—A dainty jabot or throat knot of Egyptian lace, which is a new kind of Oriental with open work like tiny eyelets. The artistic bow which adds to its beauty is of brocaded ribbon showing a mingling of Persian hues. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, $1.50.

No. 6.—A Moliere plastron of Valenciennes net edged with flat Valenciennes lace which falls in a full jabot below the waist. It is looped in a novel manner on the right side, and the neck is cut in Pompadour shape. It has garnet velvet bows arranged at the neck and waist. Velvet or ribbon of any color that taste may suggest may be chosen. Price, $3.

No. 7.—A dainty jabot of flat Valenciennes lace, laid in plaits, and attached to pale blue ribbon which is carried around the neck and tied in a full bow at the back, while an effective arrangement of loops falls gracefully at each side of the lace. Price, with ribbon of any desired shade $3.

Any of these articles can be obtained by forwarding price, and addressing S. Frank Wilson, 33 and 35 Adelaide Street west, Toronto.

WASH-LEATHER GLOVES.

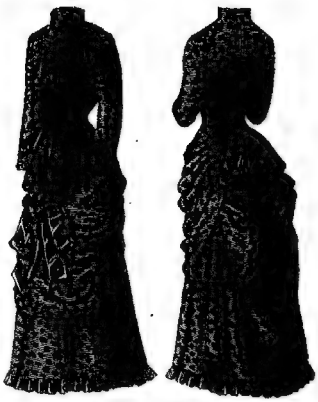
Every lady who travels, or takes even a short journey, now provides herself with one or more pairs of wash-leather gloves. They are soft, useful, cleanable, pull on and off readily, and keep the hands in good condition. Of course they do not make the hands look small, but that is not necessary nowadays; young ladies have become more sensible, and care more about driving, riding, boating, and playing tennis, than for small white hands. The participation in outdoor sports has got rid of an immense amount of nonsense, and brought the health and strength to our young women, which had been endangered by fastidious follies, culminating in something worse—a diet of vinegar and slate pencils, imbecility, and death. A morality to be worth anything must have a certain amount of muscular energy about it, and this quickly disposes of whatever impedes its exercise.

Lord Coleridge expects to publish his reminiscences of America in the aut um

SUMMER DRESSES.

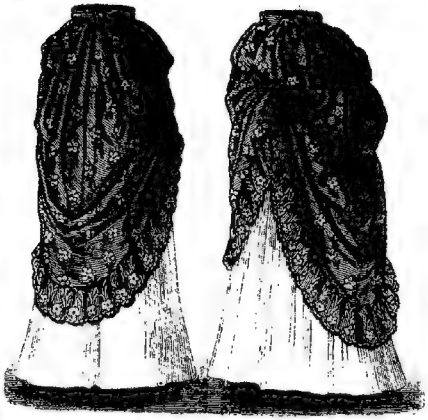
FIG. 1.—This represents the "Gerda" costume made in cream colored albatross woollen. The pretty, girlish waist shows the yoke and sleeves of "plat val" net, and the narrow lace on the sleeves and bordering the deep flounce matches the pattern of the yoke and is of the same manufacture. The drapery is wrinkled in front, caught up high at either side, and falls full and gracefully in the back to the lower edge of the deep plaited flounce. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a narrow plaiting, over the top of which the deeper flounce falls. A belt of pink ribbon encircles the waist and is secured underneath the full rosette bow of narrower ribbon of the same shade, while the same lovely color is tied at the neck in many loops with charming effect. Most material selected for misses' wear can be made in this way, and velvet may in some instances, and with various woolen materials, be substituted for the embroidery in the yoke. When velvet is used as a garniture the sleeves should be of the dress material, and a band of velvet placed on the plaited flounce will look quite as well and be equally as dressy as embroidery. Patterns in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 2—This pretty little dress, the "Eda,' is not only particularly attractive, but is simple in design and therefore easy to reproduce. It is made of white victoria lawn, the loose blouse being mounted on a square yoke made of "Kursheedt's Standard" cluster tucking. The front forms a full Moliere plastron, and the sides and back are plaited or tucked lengthwise, and the lower part is tucked and gathered, forming a puff which terminates in a ruffle and finishes the sleeve and neck. While this model is appropriate for all the white goods used for children's dresses, it is also a desirable pattern for many light woolen materials, and will be found a generally becoming design for growing children. Patterns in sizes for from two to six years. Price twenty cents each.



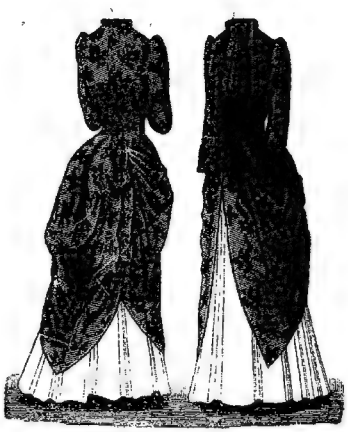
RABIA COSTUME.

For all summer fabrics this offers a desirable model, and the high drapery about the hips, combined with the Moliere vest, makes it a becoming design for slender figures. Lace or embroidery can be added to the front drapery, and the skirt can be trimmed in any desired manner Patterns in sizes from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



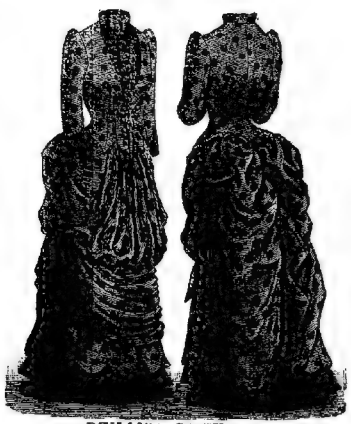
CLELIA OVERSKIRT.

Thoroughly practical, and especially suitable for the light summer goods that require laundering, although appropriate for nearly all varieties of dress goods except the heaviest. The front is laid in plaits at the top and the sides are looped high, while the back is gracefully but simply draped. Laces and embroideries on various fabrics will be appropriate for trimming, according to the material selected. This design is illustrated elsewhere in combination with the "Clarice' waist. Price of pattern, thirty cents.



ZERELDA POLONAISE.

The shirred fronts having the effect of a plastron make this an especially becoming style for slender figures. The outer fronts fall open below the waist, and are partially fitted with a dart under each arm and one further forward, while the remaining fullness is shirred in at the waist and neck over a close-fitting lining. The back is fitted with side forms rounding to the arm-holes, and is draped in a different manner on each side. The coat sleeves are set in full at the top of the arm, and a narrow collar completes the design. Any class of dress goods that can be draped easily may be made up after this design, and it may be trimmed in any style to suit the taste and material selected. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



PHILLIPA COSTUME.

Although in effect elaborate and elegant, the arrangement of this stylish costume is not difficult to accomplish. It is composed of a tight-fitting basque with three points in front and one in the back; the short gored skirt is trimmed on the front and sides with a full drapery, while the back drapery is gathered and attached to the basque, falling in an unusually graceful and bouffant manner. The bottom of the skirt is cut in scallops falling over a box-plaited flounce. One material may be used throughout with pleasing result, although a combination is most effective. All varieties of dress goods make up stylishly after this design, and it can be particularly recommended for summer silks, grenadines, pongees, as well as light woolen goods and all materials that drape gracefully. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

$15,000.00.

"Truth" Bible Competition.

NO. ELEVEN.

THE FINAL ONE.

Closing September 15th.

A NEW PLAN.

For Persons Residing Anywhere in the World Outside the City of Toronto.

The Largest List, and Most Valuable Ever Offered by Any Publisher.

Residents of Toronto Inadmissable.

A SMALL FARM FREE.

Special Club Offer.

Four Pianos, Three Organs, Silver Tea Sets Sewing Machines Gold Watches, Silver Watches, and Innumerable Other Valuable Rewards.

Don't Delay Sending in Your Answers

At the solicitation of many friends TRUTH announces one more—the final—Bible competition. Owing to the fact of so many valuable rewards going to citizens of Toronto, this competition will be open only to persons living outside the city of Toronto. Any one residing in any other part of the habitable world will be eligible to compete for these magnificents rewards. The questions—which are supplied by an eminent Presbyterian minister—are very difficult, but the rewards are valuable. Everything offered in previous competitions has been promptly and cheerfully handed over to the successful ones the moment they are known. Full and complete lists of all those who gain rewards are given in TRUTH the week following the close of each competition. There will be no change, and no postponement in any way; everything will be carried out exactly as stated.

HERE ARE THE QUESTIONS.

1.—Where is GOLD first made mention of in the Bible?

2.—Where does it first state in the Bible that there was ONLY ONE LANGUAGE AND ONE SPEECH on the whole earth?

3.—Where is INN first referred to in the Bible? (By INN would is meant a place of rest or refreshment commonly known now as an hotel.)

Every one competing must send one dollar with their answers, for six months' subscription to TRUTH. And aside from the rewards themselves, they will find that they have made the best investment of one dollar they ever did. TRUTH is full and big value for the money. Bear in mind that you pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards, and you will get TRUTH for six months in any case for your one dollar, which is the regular subscription price, and will also get one of these rewards, provided your answers are correct, and reach TRUTH office in time. Don't delay.

Read the great list of

FIRST REWARDS.

1 and 2.—Two Elegant Grand Square Rosewood Pianos, by the celebrated makers, Stevenson & Co.....$1,100 00
3.—One celebrated "Bell" Organ, the finest organ makers in Canada.. 250 00
4.—One beautiful quadruple-plated Silver Tea Set..... 100 00
5.—One Gentleman's Genuine Elgin Stem winding and Stem-setting, latest style, Solid Gold, Hunting Case Watch..... 100 00
6.—One Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Genuine Elgin Watch, latest style..... 95 00
7 to 16.—Ten Reversed Williams' Singer Sewing Machines..... 650 00
17 to 26.—Ten Gentlemen's beautiful Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches..... 350 00
27 to 31.—Five Ladies' beautiful Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches 150 00
32 to 51.—Twenty Waterbury Watches 100 00
52 to 103.—Fifty-two volumes Universal Cyclopædia. An excellent work..... 156 00
104 to 200.—Ninety seven Ladies' Beautiful Solid Rolled Gold Brooches latest style patterns, splendid value..... 194 00
201 to 252.—Fifty-two Elegant Triple-p'ated Butter Knives..... 52 00

The above magnificent list of awards will be given to the first two hundred and fifty-two persons who send correct answers to each of the three Bible questions given above. Then follows the big list of

MIDDLE REWARDS.

1. FIVE ACRES OF BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED LAND, adjoining the corporation of Niagara Falls, free from all incumbrance, clear title, splendidly situated for fruit raising, sloping gently towards the south, overlooking the town, and within sound of the great cataract; not a stump or an uneven foot of ground in it: land on opposite side of road held at $1,000 per acre....$3,000 00
2.—One Beautiful Square Grand Rosewood Piano, by Stevenson & Co.. 550 00
3.—One Elegant Cabinet Organ, by the celebrated firm of B. B. & Co..... 250 00
4.—One Beautiful Silver Tea Service best made, quadruple plate, six pieces..... 100 00
5.—One Gentleman's Genuine Elgin Watch, Stem winding and Stem-Setting, h. c..... 100 00
6.—One Lady's Hunting-case Watch Stem-winding and Stem-Setting 95 00
7 to 12.—Six beautiful heavy black corded Silk Dress Patterns..... 300 00
13 to 18.—Five celebrated Williams' Singer Sewing Machines..... 325 00
19 to 26.—Eight Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches 168 00
27 to 30.—Four quadruple plated Silver plated Tempels, latest designs..... 50 00
31 to 41.—Eleven Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches 231 00
42 to 59.—Eighteen Solid Nickle Silver Watches, American Movement..... 270 00
60 to 111.—Fifty-two volumes Chambers' Etymological Dictionary 156 00
112 to 339.—Two hundred and forty-seven Ladies' Solid Rolled Gold Brooches, new and elegant designs 494 00
380 to 505.—One hundred and forty-five Silver-plated Butter Knives 145 00

These five acres of land above described will be given to the person sending the *middle correct answer* of the whole competition, from first to last. The five hundred and four costly articles, beginning with the piano, that follow No. 1 of the middle rewards, will be given to the five hundred and four persons who send the next correct answers following the middle or centre reward that takes the farm. The land mentioned above could be divided into building lots and sold to great advantage, as there are no vacant houses in the town of Clifton or Niagara Falls, as it is now called. Then, that even the last may not feel that they are to be left out, TRUTH will give a series of

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

1.—Beginning with another of those fine pianos, by Stevenson & Co., which have been equipped with so much satisfaction by prize winners in previous competitions $350 00
2.—Then follows another Bell Organ.. 250 00
3.—Another Silver Tea Set, 6 pieces, best quadruple plate..... 100 00
4.—Gentleman's Solid Gold Genuine Elgin Watch 100 00
5.—Lady's Solid Gold Genuine Elgin Watch 95 00
6.—One celebrated "New Home" Sewing Machine 65 00
7 to 11.—Five Beautiful heavy Black Silk Dresses 250 00
12 to 29.—Eighteen Solid Coin Silver Watches 420 00
30 to 41.—Twelve Ladies' Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches..... 340 00
42 to 57.—Sixteen Solid Nickle Silver Watches..... 240 00
58 to 71.—Fourteen renowned Waterbury Watches 70 00
72 to 213.—One hundred and thirty-eight elegantly bound volumes of Universal Cyclopedia..... 414 00
215 to 311.—One hundred and two Ladies' Fine Rolled Gold Pins or Brooches 204 00
312 to 401.—Ninety Solid Triple Silver-plated Butter Knives..... 90 00

The further you live from Toronto the better you can compete for these last or consolation rewards. Bear in mind that it is the *last* correct answer received at the office of TRUTH that gets number one of these consolation rewards. The offer is open till the 15th September, and as long as your letter bears the postmark, *where mailed*, of the date of 15th September, it will take its place in the order received at TRUTH Office. Fifteen days after date of closing will be allowed for letters from distant points to reach Toronto, but don't forget that your letter must not bear a *later postmark* than September 15th. All competing must send with their answers one dollar for six months' subscription to TRUTH, which will be sent to any desired address. Wherever you live, outside Toronto, you can compete at any time between now and the closing day for either the first or middle rewards, and as well as, of course, for the consolation rewards. Some one will get those five acres of land—why not you? Look up your Bible now and see if you can find the answers to these questions. It will do you good, apart from the opportunity you have of obtaining a valuable reward in addition to TRUTH, which alone is good value for the one dollar. It consists of 28 pages of choice and pure reading matter for the home circle—something to interest every member of the family. The publisher could not afford to give these valuable rewards unless he was certain of your patronage in years to come, and you are almost certain to become life subscribers to TRUTH if you take it for six months, it is such a splendid weekly (not monthly magazine.

SPECIAL CLUB OFFER.

If twenty-five persons join and send $50, each one of the twenty-five whose answers are correct will get their choice of solid-rolled gold brooch, new and elegant design, worth at retail two dollars; a Chambers' Etymological Dictionary, worth about same amount; a World's Universal Cyclopædia, or a volume elegantly bound of Shakespeare's Complete Works. Of course each of the club will have the same opportunity of gaining one of the rewards in the regular list (in addition to the certainty of one of the prizes aforesaid), as though they had sent in singly. This is simply an extra inducement to clubs.

The rewards in last competition were very widely scattered over Ontario and Quebec. In fact, every province was represented in the list, not excepting British Columbia. A great many also went to the States.

No information will be given to any one beyond what has above been stated. So don't waste time by waiting, but send in your answers and money *now*. If you happen to be too late for the first, you may be fortunate enough to obtain a middle reward, and that is where the biggest ones are. TRUTH directs special attention to the fact clergymen are not permitted to compete, neither are persons who in previous competitions won prizes exceeding one hundred dollars in value, and as no Torontonians are allowed to compete, the field is now open for a fair and square race for these rewards to any one, on the habitable globe, outside Toronto. No money will be received by telegraph, or in any way but through the postoffice or by express. One dollar only required. Try your skill. You are sure of good value for your money anyway. Address S. Frank Wilson, TRUTH Office, 33 and 35 Adelaide street, Toronto, Canada.

The meed of merit for promoting personal æsthetics is due to J. C. Ayer & Co., whose incomparable Hair Vigor is a universal beautifier of the hair. Harmless, effective, agreeable, it has taken rank among the indispensable articles of the toilet. To scanty locks it gives luxuriance; and withered hair it clothes with the hue of youth.

Little girls carry parasols ornamented with one or more Kate Greenaway figures on the gores.

There is nothing equal to Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator for destroying worms.

To Dyspeptics.

The most common signs of Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, are an oppression at the stomach, nausea, flatulency, water-brash, heart-burn, vomiting, loss of appetite, and constipation. Dyspeptic patients suffer untold miseries, bodily and mental. They should stimulate the digestion, and secure regular daily action of the bowels, by the use of moderate doses of

Ayer's Pills.

After the bowels are regulated, one of these Pills, taken each day after dinner, is usually all that is required to complete the cure.

AYER'S PILLS are sugar-coated and purely vegetable—a pleasant, entirely safe, and reliable medicine for the cure of all disorders of the stomach and bowels. They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

For constitutional or scrofulous catarrh, and for consumption induced by the scrofulous taint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous cattarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

With a lace toilet a lady is always well dressed.

C. C. Jacobs, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil cured him of a bad case of piles of 8 years' standing, having tried almost every known remedy. 'besides two Buffalo Physicians,' without relief; but the Oil cured him; he thinks it can not be recommended too highly." There being imitations on the market of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, customers will see that they get the genuine.

The evening shoe for little girls is the five-strap Patti tie slipper.

FACES AS YELLOW as that of the "Heathen Chinee," in consequence of bile in the blood, grow fair and wholesome-looking again when Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and great blood purifier is used to relax constipated bowels and expel the bilious poison from the circulation. Rheumatic and blood impurities are also driven out by it, digestion restored, and the system benefited in every way by its use.

Yokes are immensely fashionable both for young ladies and little girls.

Holloway's Corn Cure is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts.

Lace ruffles should trim light summer silks, foulards, all India silken stuffs, and Surahs.

Mrs. D. Morrison, Farnham Centre, P. Q., writing about Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, says: George Bell used it on his son, and it cured him of rheumatism with only a few applications. The balance of the bottle was used by an old gentleman for Asthma, with the best results. It acts like a charm.

Crooked backs seem to be fashionable this summer, but they are only crooked bustles.

What Toronto's well-known Good Samaritan, says: "I have been troubled with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint for over twenty years, and I have tried many remedies, but never found an article that has done me as much good as Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure." CLARA E. PORTER.

$10,000.00.

—IN—

"LADIES" JOURNAL.

BIBLE COMPETITION.

No 7.

CLOSING SEPTEMBER 11.

Open to the World.

GREAT CLUB OFFER.

The Leading Rewards are Lot 50x150 at Toronto Junction, Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Gold and Silver Watches, Silver Tea Sets, &c.

The proprietor of the *Ladies' Journal* now announces a magnificent list of rewards for correct answers to Bible questions. It is surprising how little is known of the Bible. The questions are not so difficult this time as last, and there should be a hearty response. It was announced in the June issue of the *Ladies' Journal* that the competition which closed last month would be the last for the present, but it has been decided to try one more.

All money must be sent by post office or express. No information will be given to any one more than is stated here. So send on answers and don't waste time writing. Do not send postage stamps unless six cents is added for the discount. Remit by postoffice order, script or small coin.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1st.—Is DIAMOND referred to in the Bible? If so, state first reference.
2nd.—Is EMERALD made mention of in the Bible? If so state first reference.
3rd.—Is SAPPHIRE spoken of in the Bible? If so, state first reference.
These all refer to the precious stones.

Now, any one having a knowledge of the Scriptures ought to be able promptly to answer these questions with a little study, and so secure one of those rewards. Bear in mind every one competing must send FIFTY CENTS with their answers, for which the *Ladies' Journal* will be sent one year to any address. If you answer each of the questions correctly and your answers are in time you are sure to secure one of these costly rewards.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

1.—One Elegant Rosewood Piano, a magnificent instrument	$525 00
2.—One Fine Cabinet Organ by Bell & Co., Guelph	250 00
3.—One Beautiful quadruple plate, finely chased Silver Tea Service, six pieces	110 00
4.—One Lady's fine Gold Hunting Case genuine Elgin watch	100 00
5 to 11.—Seven heavy Black Silk Dress patterns	420 00
12 to 23.—Twelve solid quadruple plate Ice Pitchers	440 00
24 to 47.—Twenty-four Ladies' solid coin Silver Watches	600 00
48 to 61.—Fourteen Solid quadruple plate Cake Baskets	168 00
62 to 89.—Twenty-eight Solid quadruple plate Cruet Stands, 6 bottles	280 00
90 to 111.—Twenty-two renowned Waterbury Watches	11 00
112 to 179.—Sixty-eight volumes of World's Cyclopedia—a library in itself	194 00
180 to 227.—Forty-eight solid rolled gold Brooches, elegant patterns	144 00

The above two hundred and twenty-seven costly rewards will be given to the first two hundred and twenty-seven persons who send correct answers to the Bible questions given above. Then come the

MIDDLE REWARDS.

1.—A lot 50x150 in excellent position at Toronto Junction; clear title, and will be shortly worth double or treble its present value	$250 00
2.—A very fine cabinet Organ, by Bell & Co	235 00
3 to 10.—Eight celebrated Williams Sewing Machines	520 00
11 to 13.—Three Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting-case Genuine Elgin Watches	300 00
14 to 20.—Seven fine heavy Black Silk Dresses	720 00
21 to 37.—Seventeen Solid quadruple-plate Ice Pitchers	480 00
38 to 58.—Twenty-two Ladies' fine coin Silver Hunting-case Watches	550 00
59 to 81.—Twenty three beautiful heavy Silver-plate Cruets	315 00
82 to 211.—One hundred and thirty volume Chambers' Cyclopedia	325 00
212 to 479.—Two hundred and sixty-eight solid Rolled Gold Brooches, beautiful patterns	800 00
480 to 532.—Fifty-three Triple Silver-plate Butter Knives	53 00

The lot at West Toronto above described will be given to the person sending the middle correct answer *of the whole competition from first to last*, and the five hundred and thirty-one rewards following the middle one will be presented to the five hundred and thirty-one persons sending the next correct answers following the middle one. So you can compete any time and be almost sure to get something in addition to the *Ladies' Journal*, which is great value for the half dollar subscription. Then follow the

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

1—One gentleman's solid gold stem-winding and stem-setting genuine Elgin Watch	$100 00
2—One fine quadruple plate Silver Tea Set, 6 pieces	100 00
3—One ladies' solid gold stem-winding and stem-setting genuine Elgin Watch	95 00
4 to 7—Four fine heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns	240 00
8 to 19—Twelve quadruple plate Ice Pitchers finely chased	390 00
20 to 31—Twelve Genuine Coin Silver Hunting-case Ladies' Watches	300 00
32 to 50—Nineteen Fine Black Cashmere Dress Patterns	380 00
51 to 69—Nineteen fine quadruple Silver Plate Cake Baskets	228 00
70 to 100—Thirty-one beautiful bound volumes Hood's Poems	93 00
101 to 157—Fifty-seven fine rolled gold Brooches	171 00

The list of consolation rewards will be given to the *last* one hundred and fifty-seven persons who send correct answers to the Bible questions given above. But bear in mind, your letter must bear the postmark where mailed of the 11th September, the closing day of the competition. Fifteen days will be allowed after closing day for letters, from distant points to reach the *Ladies' Journal* office. But you can, of course, send in any time between now and the 11th of September, and your letter will take its place at the publication office in the order it arrives there. All letters are carefully numbered as they arrive, and there can be no mistake. If your answers are correct, and they reach there in time, you will surely get some reward in addition to *The Ladies' Journal*, which alone is big value for the half dollar. If you don't get anything but the *Journal* you will be well pleased with your investment, as it consists of 20 pages of fashions, illustrated, short and serial stories, poetry, newest music, household hints, etc., etc.; in fact, just the paper, to suit every lady.

By subscribing in a club with your neighbors you will secure some considerable advantages—that is, there must be least thirty of a club, and all who send correct answers to the Bible questions may have their choice of a handsome ring, heavily gold-plated ladies' gold brooch, which retails at about one dollar and a half, or a triple-plated butter knife. Either of these you may wish will be sent postage paid. You will thus secure to a certainty one or other of those two presents, and in addition will have as good an opportunity of gaining some one of the other large rewards in lists given above just as well as though you had sent in singly. This is simply an inducement to get up clubs. We are sure our readers could not do better than to try their skill in hunting up these questions and competing for these rewards. Everything will be carried out exactly as promised

Prizes in last competition went all over Canada and to many parts of the United States.

Address, Editor LADIES' JOURNAL, Toronto, Canada.

It is said that Japanese women have never seen and do not know the use of pins. What do Japanese men do when their buttons come off? They probably do the same as American men under similar provocation. They sw—that is they indulge in language unfit for publication.

THE COMPLEXION.

Complexions differ very much with the climate, says a writer. The English have, beyond a doubt, the most beautiful complexions in the world. American girls possess more beauty of feature, perhaps, but their complexions are not nearly so fine. As one goes farther south towards the equator, one sees darker skins and darker hair and eyes, for all these physical characteristics have references to climatic influences. Upon two things the condition of the skin depends—oil and coloring matter, The skin of a very old man or woman, for want of oil, becomes like wrinkled, dried-up parchment; an Albino has scarce any coloring matter in his hair, eyes, or complexion. To finish I will give you a recipe for beautifying the complexion—the one used by the dames of ancient Rome. Probably it is familiar to many, but there may be others who have never read of it. These ladies made a stiff paste of Rye flour and covered their faces with it on retiring. In the morning they washed it off with milk (they never used water) and applied a little powder, if it was deemed necessary. This, we are told, on good authority, is really the best method of improving the complexion that has ever been used, either in ancient or modern times. The rye flour is said to positively draw from the skin any marks that have lingered on it. Moreover, it makes the complexion charmingly soft—an effect which the milk helps to produce. Several Parisian belles adopted the plan, and it is rumored that the empress Eugenie tried it. At all events the ladies who are known to have followed this recipe of the Romans are also those who have been celebrated for their lovely skins. In spite of the opinion of the clever druggist, this is doubtless very efficacious in softening and bleaching the skin.

VENETIAN WOMEN.

I do not know why the women of the Venetian popolo have acquired a reputation for a certain elasticity of morals—unless it has been given them by those who wished to find it so, says a recent writer. The reputation is not deserved, nor fairly based. The "costume" of the city has always been in favor of a quasi-Oriental treatment of women. The wife's place is indoors; she has no business to be out at all without her husband or a very good reason. Even in her own house she will not stay in the room where her husband has his friends to supper, unless there be four or five other women to keep her company—in which case they all sit together at the foot of the table If there are no other women present, the wife will retire to the kitchen and join in the conversation at the top of her voice from that safe and invisible retreat. For the rest, the women of the quarter keep one another in order. Each one knows very well that all her neighbors would be down upon her, and that she dare hardly appear in the streets if she made a notorious false move. So the wife stays at home; and very likely until her own children begin to arrive she will have her mother—or her "madonna," her mother-in-law—to look after or some old relation of her family or his. One of the pleasantest traits in the Venetian character is their affection for old people and babies. It is a beautiful sight to see the tenderness with which these great big fellows carry their infants in their arms. To their coevals they are often harsh, unjust, ready to take advantage, considering that these should be able to protect themselves; but a child or an old person rarely fails to receive respect and gentleness at their hands.—*Brown's "Life on the Lagoons."*

Vassar college girls are not allowed to receive calls from men, but we believe there is no objection made to women, children, and dudes.

At a quiet but stylish little church wedding recently, the three bridesmaids wore dresses of India muslin of the palest pink, printed with geranium blossoms of a much deeper shade. These gowns were nearly covered with waves and flounces of Oriental lace, and the drapings were looped with knots and flowing ends of of pink satin ribbon. The gypsy round hats of pink merveilleux were veiled with lace plaitings and trimmed with wreaths of large brown-hearted margnerites. The cream-colored Suede gloves reached almost to the shoulder; the stockings of cream were embroidered with pink daisies over the instep and worn with bronze ties. The bouquets were of white roses and pink geraniums.

When a miner strikes a lode it lightens his labor.

A RUN FOR LIFE.—Sixteen miles were covered in two hours and ten minutes by a lad sent for a bottle of Briggs' Electric Oil. Good time, but poor policy to be so far from a drug-store without it.

Smithers says there is just "no" difference between right and wrong.

Many sink into an early grave by not giving immediate attention to a slight cough which could be easily stopped in time by the use of a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wistar's Pulmonic Syrup.

Genius follows its own path and reaches its destination, scarcely needing a compass,

So if you're sad, or grieved, or ill,
Pray, do not pay a doctor's bill,
But take a dose of—Briggs' Life Pills.

High-buttoned boots in French or Dongola kid are the correct day wear for little women.

What is it makes me hale and stout,
And all my friends can't make it out,
I really could not live without—Briggs' Life Pills.

Fedora-front redingotes and garments for little girls are as popular as for grown-up women.

What makes me laugh when others sigh?
No tears can e'er bedew mine eye
It is because I always buy—Briggs' Life Pills.

Point d'esprit, or pin-head dotted net, is the rival of the new imitation Chantilly piece-lace.

SORE EYES.—The Golden Eye Salve is one of the best articles now in the market for sore or inflamed eyes, weakness of sight, and granulation of the lids.

H. H. Buell, of Manhattan, Kan., getting out of money in Chicago, had himself boxed up and expressed home.

A FAMILY MEDICINE.—Over ten thousand boxes of Briggs' Life Pills are sold yearly in the Dominion of Canada, which is the best guarantee of their quality and the estimation in which they are held as a family medicine.

"Sit down," said an honestly-dressed vivacious young lady at a fashionable watering-place "sit down; it's about the only thing you can do here without paying for it."

For worms in children, be sure and inquire for Sittzer's Vermifuge Candy. The genuine article bears the signature of the proprietor on each box. ☞ The public are respectfully informed that the Vermifuge Candy can be purchased of the principal druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Canada.

In Lubec, Me., 4,340,000 boxes of "sardines" were put up last season.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?—If so, you can testify to its marvellous power of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Briggs' Magic Relief, the grand specific for all summer complaints, diarrhœa, cholera morbus, dysentery, cramps, colic, sickness of the stomach, and bowel complaint.

It costs not less than $33,000,000 annually to support the dogs of the United States.

STAR CEMENT.—Unites and repairs everything as good as new. Glass, china, stone earth ware, ivory, wood and leather, pipes sticks and precious stones, plates, mugs, jars lamp glasses, chimney ornaments, Picture Frames, Jewellry, trinkets, toys, etc.

The most remarkable known echo is that on the north side of a church in Shipley, Sussex. It repeats twenty-one syllables.

BRIGGS' GENUINE ELECTRIC OIL.—Electricity feeds the brain and muscles; in a word it is nature's food. The Electric Oil possesses all the qualities that it is possible to combine in a medicine, thereby giving it a wide range of application, as an internal and external remedy, for man and beast. The happiest results follow its use, and in nervous diseases, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, and kindred diseases, it has no equal.

LADY'S COSTUME.

This engraving represents the "Eska" polonaise made in brocaded grenadine of a rich brown color, the skirt being of changeable silk, brown and gold, with two narrow plaitings on the lower edge headed by three tucks each two inches in depth. Extra fullness is imparted to the skirt by an additional back breadth. The fronts, side gores and side forms of the polonaise describe a pointed basque which falls over a draped apron, but the back pieces are cut the entire length of the garment and are very handsomely draped. The apron and basque front are trimmed with brown Spanish lace, for which embroidery may be substituted on some materials. For all light summer fabrics this is a most appropriate model, and with these goods "Kursheedt's Standard" Spanish or Oriental laces will be found an attractive garniture. Woolen goods that are not too heavy to drape gracefully also look particularly pretty made after this design. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

MITTIE DRESS.

Novel and and attractive, though quite simple in construction and trimming, this pretty little dress is made with a box-plaited front attached to a square yoke, and has short side gores and back pieces to the bottom of which a deep kilt-plaiting is sewed to furnish the required length. A scarf drapery is gracefully arranged across the front, its ends being concealed by a handsome bow at the back. Cashmere, flannel, cambric, and all kinds of washable make up nicely in this fashion, and a contrasting material can be used for the collar, cuffs and sash, if preferred, or the sash may be of ribbon. Patterns in sizes for from six to ten years. Price twenty cents each.

IVREA DRESS.

A plain, half-fitting Gabrielle dress, with a single dart in each front, side gores under the arms, and side forms in the back, is the foundation of this dressy little design. The front has cutaway jacket fronts disclosing a Moliere vest, and the back is faced to represent a yoke; while the skirt is edged with a plaiting above which is a puff covering the entire skirt, and a graceful sash bow is placed below the waist line in the back. Light summer materials make up prettily in this way, and also woollen goods. It is a model that may be selected for all seasons, and it is sufficiently dressy to answer for all occasions. The sash may be of ribbon or of the material of the dress. Patterns in sizes from six to ten years. Price, twenty cents each.

SATINE DRESS.

The "Clarice" waist and "Clelia" overskirt combined with a kilted skirt, the lower edge of which is tucked, are shown in this pretty costume, which is represented made in flowered satine. The yoke of the waist is of "Kursheedt's Standard" Oriental lace. The front of the yoke is pointed and the back is square, the body portion is tucked both in the front and back, and the sleeves are set in high at the shoulders. The overskirt is laid in plaits in front, at the belt, which causes it to fall full, the sides are caught up high and the back is prettily draped. It is trimmed with lace matching that in the yoke. For slender figures this is a desirable model. It is suitable for all light qualities of woollen goods, and the yoke is exceedingly pretty made of velvet if the waist is used to complete a costume of cashmere, camel's hair, silk or any other of the materials which are serviceable during all seasons of the year. Price of waist pattern, twenty cents each size, Overskirt pattern, thirty cents. Skirt pattern, thirty cents.

SOME VIEWS OF WOMAN.

Woman, owing to her proposed enfranchisement, occupies at the present moment a considerable share of public attention, and all that relates to her, says the *St. James' Gazette*, is of especial interest. Man, although he has had the pleasure of her acquaintance for nearly six thousand years, is, or professes to be, entirely ignorant as to her political temperament, and apparently knows very little about her beyond the fact that she was originally produced from one of Adam's ribs. Some interesting observations on this point were made by Jean Raulin in the beginning of the sixteenth century. "Observe the result," he preached. "Man, composed of clay, is silent and ponderous; but women gives evidence of her osseous origin by the rattle she keeps up. Move a sack of earth and it make no noise; touch a bag of bones and you are deafened with the clitter-clatter." Woman, however, was not without an advocate of her rights in those days. The following remarks made on the "Excellency of women," written by Cornelius Henry Agrippa in 1509, are such as might have been uttered by Mr. John Stuart Mill: "Unjust laws," he says," do their worst to repress women; custom and education combine to make them nonentities. From her childhood a girl is brought up in idleness at home, and confined to needle and thread for sole employment. When she reaches marriageable years she has this alternative—the jealousy of a husband or the custody of a convent. All public duties all legal functions, all active ministrations of religion are closed against her." Agrippa looked upon women as the practical sex. "What arithmetician," he asks, "could deceive a woman in a bargain?" and anyone who has had experience of a modern British landlady, at a seaside lodging-house will confirm Agrippa's opinion on this point. Whether woman will ever get into parliament remains to be seen; but that Eve would have found some difficulty in entering the house as at present conducted is beyond a doubt, if any reliance is to be placed on a calculation made of her size by the French Orientalist Henrien, member of the academy. In a table given by him of the relative height of several eminent historical personages, he puts that of our great mother at 118 feet 8.65 inches. The dwindling of woman's stature is probably owing to her wrongs. When she obtains her rights she will perhaps regain her former somewhat formidable proportions.

When a miner strikes a lode it lightens his labor.

LADIES !

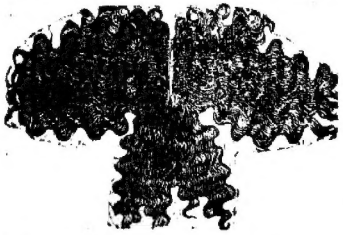
If you have hair on face or arms, be sure and send for a box of EUREKA, Dorenwend's Hair Destroyer; it completely destroys the roots without pain or disfigurement, and gives a beautiful complexion. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price. Price per box, $2.00, or 3 for $5.00.

A. DORENWEND,

PARIS HAIR WORKS,

TORONTO.

WATER WAVES !



These Styles are sold from $2.00 up.

The Largest and Finest Assortment of Hair Goods that can be found on the Continent.

Langtry Wave.

LADIES' —AND— GENTS' WIGS !

AND HUNDREDS —OF— Other Styles

Long Hair Switches !

PARIS HAIR WORKS, 105 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Send for Circular.

A. DORENWEND.

MORSE'S MOTTLED

A. B. FLINT'S NEW Dry-Goods Store,

109 King St., E., Toronto.

You can buy Ladies' Balbrigan Hose 15c, worth 25c.
You can buy Ladies' Light Blue Hose, full fashioned, at 25c. a pair, worth 75c. These goods are worth $6 a dozen wholesale price.
You can buy Ladies' Colored Kids, with Gauntelets, at $1.25 pair.
You can buy Real Black Lace Shawls at $1.75, worth $5.00, or a shawl at $3.00, worth $10.00.
You can buy White Frilling at 12½c, worth 30c.
You can buy White Cotton, a yard wide, 8c, worth 11c.
You can save 25c. on every yard of Black Silk at $1.25 and over. Our Black Silk at $1.3½ is worth $1.75.
Black Silk Lace at 37 1-2c, worth 75c.
Cream Silk Lace at 37 1-2c, worth 75c.
Beautiful Stock of Velveteens, Black and all Colors.
You can send $10 and get $15 worth of goods.
All orders executed by Mr. Flint. Call or send your order to

A. B. FLINT,

109 King St. East,

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(2 doors E. of James St.)

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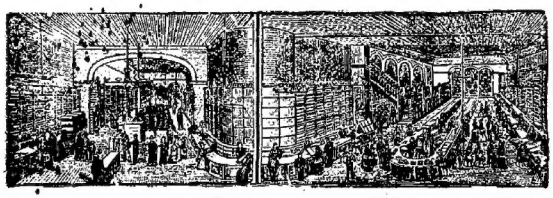
OF THE FIRST FLOOR OF

PETLEY & PETLEY'S

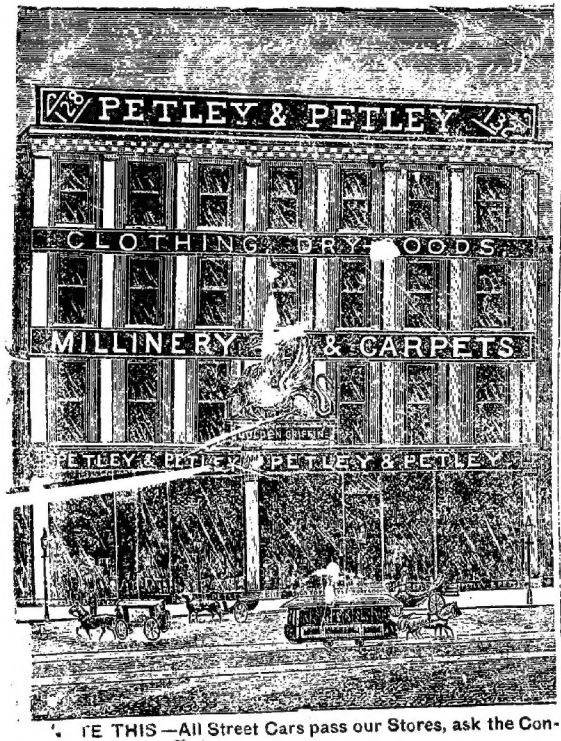


Great Dry-Goods

—AND—

CLOTHING HOUSE

TORONTO.



TAKE NOTE THIS—All Street Cars pass our Stores, ask the Conductor to let you off at

PETLEYS,

128 to 132 King St., East.

☞ Six doors East of St. James' Cathedral. ☜

NESTLE'S

MILK FOOD.

Prepared at Vevey, Switzerland. A Little Water is all that is required to Make it Ready for Use. It has stood the test of time. Send for pamphlet to THOS. LEEMING, & CO., Montreal.

TORONTO

Silver Plate Co.

WORKS AND SHOWROOMS:

410 TO 430 KING ST., W.

We Repair and Replate Silverware and make it as attractive as when first made.

TEA SETS, EPERGNES,

CASTERS, BASKETS, BUTTER DISHES, ETC.

Designs furnished for any article, either in Electro-plate or Sterling Silver, and estimate given.

We employ designers and workmen of long experience, and our facilities for manufacturing are unsurpassed.

Toronto Silver Plate Co.

410 to 430 KING ST., WEST, TORONTO.

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KING OF ALL

THE LIGHT RUNNING

New Home

SIMPLE, SWIFT. STRONG, SURE.

Sewing Machine!

C. GENTLEMAN

SOLE AGENT,

545 QUEEN STREET W., TORONTO.

THE MODEL

Washer,

—AND—

BLEACHER.

ONLY WEIGHS SIX POUNDS!

☞ Can be carried in a small valise. ☜

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded in one month from date of purchase.

$1,000 REWARD FOR ITS SUPERIOR. Washing made light and easy. The clothes have that pure whiteness which no other mode of washing can produce. No rubbing required—no friction to injure the fabric. A ten-year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person. To place it in every household, the price has been reduced to $2.50, and if not found satisfactory money refunded. See what the BAPTIST says: From "personal examination of its construction and experience in its use we commend it as a simple, sensible, scientific and successful machine, which succeeds in doing its work admirably. The price, $2.50, places it within the reach of all. It is a time and labor-saving machine, is substantial and enduring, and is cheap. From trial in the household we can testify to its excellence."

C. W. DENNIS,

213 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

☞ Please mention this paper

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,

—:) MANUFACTURERS OF (:—

Finest Electro Gold and Silver Plate,

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Many purchasers having through a similarity of names purchased other wares under the impression that they were of our manufacture, we are compelled to ask special attention to the above TRADE MARKS. The fact that our name and Trade Marks are being so closely imitated should be a sufficient guarantee to the public that our wares are the BEST IN THE WORLD

TRADE

1847 Rogers Bros. A1.

MARK

DORENWEND'S CELEBRATED HAIR DESTROYER.

Eureka! Eureka!

Important to Every Lady in the World.

A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER.

After 25 years of unceasing experiments, of time, labor, and expense, I have finally discovered a preparation for the removal of all premature and useless hair from the faces and arms of ladies. It is Safe, Effectual, Harmless and Painless, leaving no disfigurement or traces of the application.

If properly applied the roots will be completely destroyed. No future growth need be apprehended. Sold in Boxes at $2.00 each, or 3 Boxes for $5.00.

Sent by mail on receipt of price, with full directions enclosed, to any address in Canada or United States.

☞ Circulars sent on application. All correspondence strictly confidential. Address,

A. DORENWEND, Paris Hair Works, 105 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.